

H. G. Leach

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE BROOKLYN THEATRE CONFLAGRATION.

THE ROOM OF THE PROPERTY CLERK AT THE BROOKLYN POLICE HEADQUARTERS—FRIENDS OF THE MISSING IDENTIFYING RELICS FOUND IN THE RUINS OR ON THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS.—SEE PAGE 279.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
 537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
 NEW YORK, DECEMBER 30, 1876.

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THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

A CLEAR head, a cool judgment, and manly courage are always of vast importance in the conduct of human affairs, but they were never of such great importance nor so much needed as at the present moment, when every other man in the country seems to be at his wits' end, and altogether at a loss what to think or do, and incapable of cool reflection. Many a good stout ship has been lost at sea, many a noble army has been sacrificed, and many a good cause ruined, for the lack of a clear-headed commander to speak the right word at the right time. That terrible calamity over in Brooklyn a few nights since, by which three hundred precious lives were sacrificed and a large amount of property was lost, might have been easily prevented if there had been only one clear-headed and capable man behind the scenes to give the necessary word of command for the extinguishment of the fire when it was first discovered. But the word was not given, the flames were not checked when they might have easily been kept under control, and the frightful disaster followed. Just now there is perceptible a small flicker of flame in our political affairs which may be readily controlled or extinguished; but, instead of any one coming out to give directions for its suppression, there appears to be a mad determination on all sides to fan the flame until a conflagration ensues which will baffle all power to suppress it. There are some bad people, beyond a question, who would be glad to see it; but the great majority of the people are moved by good impulses, and would be happy to join in any effort to prevent trouble if they only knew what to do.

It is a safe maxim when you don't know what to do, to do nothing. But well-meaning men who don't know what to do usually feel bound to do something, merely to show their good intentions, and they usually do just the thing they had better leave undone? A very good example of this well-meaning fussiness was exhibited in this city a few days since, when one of our eminently respectable merchants felt himself impelled by a sense of impending trouble to invite a large number of wealthy gentlemen, without regard to party affiliations, to come to his house, and discuss the political situation, and try to hit upon some measure for preventing a new civil war. Of course, the very invitation to such a meeting was, in itself, sufficient to create alarm, and increase the difficulty. The gentlemen invited to the meeting very naturally thought there must be something serious the matter, or such a course would not have been

resorted to. They mentioned the affair to their friends, who, feeling alarmed, naturally mentioned it to others, and so the terror spread, and a good deal of useless and senseless alarm was created. The meeting took place, the great question of what was best to be done was freely discussed, but no one could suggest any better remedy than the advisability of holding another meeting, at which measures should be adopted for calling a general public meeting, and then the gentlemen adjourned to the dining-room of their magnificent host, and partook of quails, sandwiches, coffee and cream, punch and champagne being decorously left out in consideration of the temperance principles of the master of the house. It is a very pleasant thing, and altogether proper, for gentlemen to meet at one another's houses to discuss politics and eat game-suppers, and we should be sorry for any one to imagine that we can have any objection to such a proceeding. It would be well, perhaps, for the general welfare of society if such sort of proceedings were more common than they are. But between a private and a public meeting there is a very great difference; and a public meeting at the present time for the purpose of discussing the Presidential problem could not be otherwise than damaging to the public peace, and embarrassing to the men whose official duty it is to settle the question in dispute and prevent trouble, if possible.

The question of who was elected President is one that must be settled by the Senate and the House of Representatives. The Constitution gives these bodies the power, and does not give it to any other bodies, officials, or people. It is the duty of every well-disposed citizen, therefore, to let the decision of the great question remain in the hands of those to whom the laws have intrusted it, and to quietly abide by the result, let it be what it may. Congress has not been neglectful of its duty; in both the House and the Senate the representatives of the people have been prompt and energetic in doing their best to learn all the facts in regard to the disputed elections, and to see that the right man shall be inaugurated when the right time comes. The Democrats have not been lacking in energy, and the Republicans have not shown any indifference. Both parties are hard at work, and the public may rest assured that the truth will come out, and justice be done in the end. Committees are busily engaged at the South, and any attempt to interfere with them by inflammatory speeches at public meetings will only increase the trouble. It is absolutely necessary that the popular feeling should be tranquilized by patience and good sense on the part of our prominent citizens, for nothing whatever can be done to change the action of Congress until the counting of the votes shall take place before Congress on the second Wednesday of February. There may be a collision between the two bodies then; the Senate and the House may differ; but there is good reason for believing that they will effect some kind of a compromise by which trouble may be avoided; but whatever may be done, the duty of the people is plain. They must submit. Fighting, except by ballot, must not be dreamed of, nor talked of, nor thought of. The whole difficulty must be settled in some way in the Capitol at Washington. If the House and the Senate should think it best to have a fight, let them have it out by themselves in the rotunda, or in any other convenient place. In the meanwhile let every man attend to his own particular business, and be patient. Everything will come right by the 4th of March.

FRANCE AND THE EXPOSITION.

THE authorship of the animadversions on the Philadelphia Exposition contained in the recently published letter ostensibly written by M. du Sommerard, of the French Commission, has not yet, that we are aware of, been definitely established. At all events, M. du Sommerard continues to be the only person to whom the letter in question is popularly attributed, and as yet the sole denial he has made is his original assertion that the letter was "apocryphal"—which is equivalent to no denial at all. The definition of apocryphal is that which is in doubt. It can hardly be supposed that M. du Sommerard is so unfamiliar with the productions of his own brain, and particularly when exercised in an endeavor to throw odium upon a friendly people from the standpoint of an exalted official position, as to be simply "doubtful" of his complicity on being confronted with the offensive document itself. Probably, if the letter be his, M. du Sommerard, in writing for his countrymen rather than for Americans, used such language as he knew would be most palatable to his audience; for, whatever may be the cause, it is undeniable that a strong feeling of antagonism to America and American ways has been manifested in the great majority of French accounts of our Centennial Exposition which have reached this country. The

exact motive which underlies this unexpected hostility is not distinguishable on the surface, nor do we propose to enter here into an analysis of its causes. It is impossible, however, to avoid recognizing its existence as a malicious element which appears to permeate the entire French press in its discussion of the subject. The most brilliant description of the Exposition with which our fellow-republicans of France have been regaled is unquestionably that of M. Simonin, published in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, last October, of which magazine that gentleman is one of the oldest and ablest contributors. As this confessedly "French view" of the subject is written in apparently the most friendly tone which its author could assume without risk of offending his readers at home, it is worthy of a little examination—the more particularly since the high character of the journal in which it appeared attaches to it almost the stamp of official authorization. It will be seen that M. Simonin was at least disposed to be fair, particularly in those points in which the exhibition of a different spirit would have rendered his motive too flagrantly obvious. He even goes so far as to acknowledge that "if it be examined in its totality, and without prejudice, it must be acknowledged that the Philadelphia Exposition is not inferior to its predecessors (of Paris and Vienna) in the impression it leaves upon the mind." This, too, despite the fact that the whole Exhibition was pervaded by disorder, arising from official incompetence, which "hindered study, vexed the visitor and provoked complaint from all." Nevertheless, we are gratified to learn these trifling drawbacks were not likely to impress themselves upon the minds of our fellow-countrymen as detracting from the value or success of the Exposition. "The Americans," says M. Simonin, "accustomed to go ahead in a break-neck manner, do not pride themselves especially on an excess of logical sequence or forethought, nor on perfect order; and it is probable they will persist in thinking that everything has been done in the best manner in the best of exhibitions possible."

The "break-neck manner" of the American people, however, was not more reprehensible in the eyes of the French essayist than some of our strictly conservative ways. In discussing the pecuniary results, he calculates that at least \$520,000 must have been lost by the system of closing the Exhibition on Sundays. How he arrives with such exactness at that amount we cannot say. Some of M. Simonin's assertions on this subject will be novel to American readers. He denounces in unmeasured terms the "bigotry and narrow Puritan ideas of Pennsylvania, especially in the Quaker City." The Sunday closing, he says, was adhered to "in spite of all the indignation meetings which, in most of the States of the Union, condemned the strange proceeding, and in spite of the recommendations of many influential members of the Protestant and Catholic clergy, who boldly pronounced themselves as favorable to the opening on Sunday." It is possibly attributable to inattention on our part, but we certainly had no knowledge at the time of indignation meetings having been held on this subject during the past year "in most of the States," and it is probably for that reason that we likewise overlooked the clerical denunciations of Sabbath-keeping, for the "prominent members of the Protestant and Catholic clergy" whom M. Simonin refers to must have spent their force at those meetings. They certainly never made any serious allusions to the topic in their pulpits. It would be impossible, however, in this place, to follow M. Simonin through his recital of the objects which attracted his attention at the Exposition without apparently inciting him to subject them to accurate investigation. He speaks contemptuously of the musical capacity of American ladies, satirizes their fondness for sucking composite drinks through straws, complains of the absence of live Indians from Philadelphia, compliments our national hospitality, is disquieted over our political institutions, ridicules our love of show, which manifests itself in street-processions, and the assumption of titles, and the display of decorations and insignia, and finally winds up in a burst of enthusiasm over the wonderful development which the country has effected in the past century. It is in this last-named portion of M. Simonin's report that we catch at length the keynote of the whole composition. America is largely indebted, as he says, to the continued arrival in its territory of intelligent foreigners, to whom she offers advantages not elsewhere found. But she is learning to dispense more and more with Europe, while Europe is not in a position to afford to dispense with her. There is a constantly growing danger to French skilled labor arising from the increasing excellence of American work of every kind which could not escape the notice of so shrewd an observer as M. Simonin, and on this account America is to be feared as a rival likely eventually, and, perhaps, too soon,

to occupy the whole field to herself. The geographical condition of the United States, their climate and mixed races, the property coming here incessantly through immigration, and a countless variety of causes, conspire to make this country a dangerous competitor; so we are not wholly surprised when M. Simonin, in fact, declares that "the American is more to be feared than the Englishman." We presume that his apprehension must be based upon grounds similar to those we have cited. Already we are beginning to hold our own against the French in the manufacture of silk and other textile fabrics, and in a variety of branches which formerly pertained almost exclusively to them, to say nothing of our acknowledged superiority in the matter of machinery and labor-saving instruments of all kinds. The special animus of the hostile comments of French writers concerning this nation's Centennial Exhibition is undoubtedly discoverable in the jealousy which our material advancement has excited. No further illustration of this is needed than the following extract from the portion of the report we have been considering, which is devoted to a summing-up of the lessons of the Exposition. The most noticeable phenomenon it presented, the paper says, is that "the Exposition was a kind of attempt upon European productions, with which the United States are learning to dispense more and more in proportion as they imitate them and make them better." "On this head," adds M. Simonin, "it is for France, for all Europe, to ward off the menacing blow by greater skill and care in the preparation of the products destined for the United States, and, let us say it without evasion, more good faith in the exchange of these productions." No person can gainsay the correctness of this deduction, nor doubt the benefit that would accrue to both the nations from its adoption by those to whom it is addressed.

LIFE INSURANCE TROUBLES.

SO many families are affected directly or indirectly by whatever promotes or interrupts the beneficent action of life insurance, that it might almost be counted among the elemental forces of modern society. Rich and moderately well-to-do people generally insure their lives. An increasing number of persons living upon salaries and wages are learning to do likewise, although hard times make it difficult for them to pay the premiums, and thus keep their policies from lapsing. That the possible advantages of life insurance are not yet appreciated and utilized by the poorest of the working class, is the more keenly regretted in view of such a catastrophe as the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre, where three hundred persons, belonging mostly to that class, perished without leaving any provision for their surviving dependents. Some practical scheme may yet be devised and carried out for extending these advantages to all classes of the community. As it is, the field of life insurance has been so rapidly widened of late years, that its ubiquitous agents now find access to nearly every household in the land. In the State of New York alone, according to the latest report of the Insurance Department at Albany, the life-companies doing business here had in force on the 1st day of January of this year 774,625 policies, assuring \$1,922,043,146. A single company which recently collapsed—the "Continental"—had 24,000 policy-holders. This company—one of the largest, and, until a few weeks ago, apparently one of the most prosperous of American life-companies—was organized in 1866. From that time forth its solvency has been annually certified by the Insurance Department of New York State, and by that of each of the twenty other States into which it has pushed its way. But, strange to say, during all these years, to whatever official investigation it may have been subjected in other States, some occult political influence in Albany has prevented investigation into the affairs of the "Continental." It has never once been examined by a New York Commissioner since it began to do business in 1866. Acting-Superintendent Smyth, it appears, was even threatened with removal if he should attempt to examine the company. Properly, undeterred by this threat, the superintendent notified the company that he was about to begin an examination. "Suddenly, at the suit of one of the stockholding wolves who had been installed as guardians of the policy-holding sheep," as a faithful chronicler strongly puts it, the "Continental" was, on or about October 25th, on the order of a Brooklyn judge, placed in the hands of a receiver. On the 31st of October, the Superintendent of the New York Insurance Department presented himself at the doors of the "Continental" and proposed to enter upon his investigation. The receiver denied him official admission. The commissioner obtained from an Albany court an order requiring the "Continental" to show cause why the existing receivership should not

be annulled and the interests of the policy-holders placed in the hands of the insurance Department. But the company hastened to secure from their Brooklyn judge an order decreeing the dissolution of the "Continental" and the distribution of such of its assets as shall remain to be distributed among its creditors.

The monstrous outrage of putting into liquidation a company like the "Continental," under such circumstances, was doubtless perpetrated in strict legal form. But this can yield little consolation to the twenty thousand policy-holders who were on board the "Continental" when, sailing with a fair wind over smooth seas, she was mysteriously scuttled, and went down with her freight of \$6,000,000 of assets, \$310,352 interest income, her valuable machinery of agencies and her golden promises for the future.

The "insurance wreckers," who, encouraged by their success in sinking the "Continental," are planning attacks upon other great life insurance companies, may, after all, be circumvented. They may not escape trial by the authorities of the State Insurance Department and due condemnation by a popular verdict. The tardy call of the newspapers upon Superintendent Smyth to do what he has already taken steps to do, and make a thorough investigation in the case of the "Continental," seems somewhat like asking him to shut the stable-door after the horse has been stolen. But unless some fresh legal trick is played to thwart the ends of justice, Superintendent Smyth may yet be able to relieve what is called "Government supervision" from the suspicion of having signally failed to prevent, check or punish dishonesty in the management of insurance companies. On the 28th of November, Judge Osborne, of Albany, at the suit of the Insurance Superintendent, through the Attorney-General, granted the motion for the appointment of a referee in the case of the Continental Life Insurance Company, and appointed to act as referee Abram V. De Witt, Esq., of Albany, a lawyer of high reputation and a gentleman of eminent probity. He is to sit in New York City, with power to send for persons and papers.

It is fortunate that, whatever may be the result of an investigation of the affairs of the "Continental" Company, there is no ground for the apprehensions of certain timorous souls who fear lest the amputation of an offending member might involve the destruction of the whole body, and who are tempted by recent disclosures to question the soundness of the life insurance system itself. That such apprehensions are groundless is demonstrated by the records of our own State Insurance Department, as well as by those of the Board of Trade in England. The foundation upon which the present plan of life insurance rests was laid by Dr. Price, of the old Equitable Life Company, of England, upwards of one hundred years ago, and the more complete understanding which experience has since afforded of the statistics of human life proves that this foundation is sound, and that it gives absolute security to those insured by well-endowed companies, honestly and ably managed.

OPENING OF THE SOCIAL SEASON.

AT this time our fashionable society is planning the entertainments that shall make the lagging hours of Winter pass more rapidly. This is a problem that more peculiarly belongs to woman's sphere. The man has his club, or he can drop into the theatre, or, if those amusements fail, he can assemble his cronies unceremoniously in his library, and beguile the time with current topics and the fragrant weed. Unhappily—or, it may be, happily—a little more ceremony is necessary with the female members of the household, and when they are arrayed to receive company they need a wider sphere for display. This necessitates the notes of preparation that are now heard on every side. The women who lead in society are measuring the depths of their husbands' purses, counting up the number of their friends who cannot possibly be excluded from their parlors, taxing their inventive powers for some new device in the way of securing a brilliant evening, and searching the social menagerie for lions who shall prove a special attraction. With the advent of the holiday season society plumes its feathers and prepares for the Winter's pageant.

It cannot be denied that the social season opens with less promise of brilliance than five years ago. Fortunes have disappeared or changed hands, and people have sobered down from their wild fever of speculation. This is not universally the case, of course, but the effect has been so general as to exercise a depressing influence. Is display, however, absolutely necessary to true hospitality? The experience of those best qualified to judge will give a decided negative to this question. Paris has been accustomed to gather in her salons

the most charming assemblages of men and women of distinction and culture that the nineteenth century has witnessed, and this has been done with such an absence of extravagance, and such a meagreness of attention to creature comforts, as has occasioned frequent remark by foreign visitors. There were ease and elegance at these entertainments, coupled with thorough enjoyment. Other great cities have attempted to rival the French capital by a greater elaborateness of preparation, and by attractions that appealed to the grosser elements in human nature, and it is scarcely necessary to say that their efforts have met with a notable want of success. There are great "crushes" in London, where the untitled world gathers to look upon the wearers of coronets and decorations, but one would search in vain there for the enjoyment that irradiates the unpretending reception at the house of a *marquise* in France. There are also noted balls and parties in our own city, where "everybody who is somebody" is expected to show himself, and where the chief care of the masculine portion of the invited guests is to taste the salad, while lovely woman's attention is wholly absorbed in preserving her train from damage. It would seem evident, therefore, that the art of hospitality is not to be measured by the strings of a purse, nor its secret to be caught only by those who have riches at their command. Mrs. Grundy may honor her guests by selecting only certain of them for her most fashionable gatherings; but, great as is her purse, she cannot say to them at will, "Bless you, my children, be happy." Wealth, fashion and rank may possess the secret of making people feel at home, but, even if they do, the knowledge of this secret is not confined to them. Even tea and toast, humble as these commodities are, may be able to "entertain angels unawares."

There is no good reason why these dull times may not be brightened up by fresh social triumphs of hospitality. Profusion of outlay is not necessary for the success of a party or reception. Indeed it usually creates ill-feeling. People are not made happy by meeting those who dress far better than themselves, especially where it is evident that the extra adornment is put on for the purpose of extinguishing rivals. Mere rivalry of expenditure in the entertainment of guests is utterly opposed to the true spirit of hospitality. Outside of the comparatively small world of those to whom dress and supper are the necessary appendages of a social entertainment, there is a larger world of sensible people who would be glad to see the old fashion of informal gatherings for social enjoyment revived, and who would be delighted if the former rigid rules of Mrs. Grundy would so far relax as to enable them to send out for their friends and bid them come, without display, to a gathering that shall have as little impress of state formality as a family Thanksgiving dinner. There can be no doubt that the establishment of such a series of entertainments would be joyfully hailed in all quarters. The times afford an opportunity to break through old traditions and laws, and when once a movement is made in that direction it would find an abundance of followers. Moreover, it would prove a success from the start.

In some respects, we Americans are a queer people. Our hospitality has occasionally very odd phases. We feel it incumbent upon ourselves, after introduction to a stranger, to ask him what he will drink, and forthwith to drag him up to a bar and compel him to imbibe some questionable compound by way of "tasting salt" in our presence. Under the same mistaken impression that if a guest cannot be made to eat and drink he will not be happy, we spread a grander table than we can afford, and think that thereby we are doing him honor and obeying the edict of the best society. Why not try the experiment this Winter—since the spirit of economy seems to be rife in the land—of having entertainments to which the hearty welcome of the host shall be the magnet that draws guests about him, and where one shall go to meet men and women who care more for culture than for jewelry, and prefer flashes of wit to the sparkle of *Veuve Clicquot*? If such a fashion shall prevail, it is just possible that we may again see our literary men in what is known as fashionable society, as in the days when Halleck, Drake, Irving, Morris, Willis and other noted men of letters figured conspicuously at New York's receptions. It will be worth while to make the trial. The time is propitious for the change, and all are ready to receive it. There is no need of a dull Winter, but society can make it brilliant beyond comparison. All that is needed now is common sense in the exercise of the art of hospitality.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING DECEMBER 16, 1876.

Monday.....107½ @ 107½ Thursday.....107½ @ 107½
Tuesday.....107½ @ 107½ Friday.....107½ @ 107½
Wednesday.....107½ @ 107½ Saturday.....107½ @ 107½

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

SUPERFLUOUS STATIONS.—The Board of Naval Officers, consisting of Admiral Porter, Vice-Admiral Rowan, Rear-Admiral Davis, Chief Engineer King, and Naval Constructor Esbly, appointed by authority of Congress to determine whether any of the navy-yards can be dispensed with, abandoned, etc., have made their report, recommending that the following places only be abandoned and dispensed with: "The navy yard at New London, the naval grounds at New Orleans, and the naval property at Brunswick, Ga. The Board says the harbor of Port Royal, S. C., and its tributaries present great advantages, and offer the necessary depth of water and facilities for entry into port without risk to vessels of war, and that Port Royal Bay is a noble sheet of water, undoubtedly the finest harbor on our Southern coast, and that the wonder is that the place was so little known or appreciated prior to 1861. There are several favorable sites for a naval station at Port Royal, all of which must be carefully studied and compared before the best one can be determined. In the meantime the Board recommend that Port Royal be used as a temporary fitting and coaling station for vessels stationed in the West Indies."

CENTENNIAL STOCKHOLDERS.—On December 15th a bill in equity was filed in the United States Circuit Court in Philadelphia, by W. H. Rawle, in behalf of the Centennial Board of Finance vs. Joseph Patterson and Henry Lewis, of Pennsylvania; John Gill, of New Jersey; the State National Bank of Camden, and George Eyster, Assistant Treasurer of the United States at Philadelphia. The bill is directed to the interests of all holders of Centennial stock. It recites Acts of Congress creating the board and defining its powers; sets forth the amount of stock held by Messrs. Patterson, Lewis, Gill and the State National Bank of Camden, and the amount claimed to be due the United States by Assistant Treasurer Eyster, and specifies the conditions which are attached to the Government appropriation of \$1,500,000. It further says that the total amount of subscriptions received by the board amounted to \$2,400,000, and after the payment of debts, there remains for distribution about \$2,000,000. There were no profits derived from the Exhibitions, and the said balance is insufficient to pay the stockholders. The defendants claim the balance should be distributed *pro rata* among the creditors of the board, and Assistant Treasurer Eyster claims for the Government \$1,500,000 out of the said balance. The board say they have no interest whatever in this balance, but, in order to be protected in the premises they pray the Court to order the claiming parties to interplead, and to decide their rights by a decree as in Chancery, the board offering to dispose of the fund in the meantime as the Court may direct.

THE POOR CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS.—An appeal which will go to every person's heart in these holiday times on behalf of the poor children of New York has been published by the Secretary of the Children's Aid Society, No. 19 East Fourth Street. We trust it will meet with cordial and universal response. The children of the poor ask for a happy Christmas-time from those who have home and friends and food to spare. Every one knows the street children of New York. They are wandering about the docks, homeless and lonesome; they are shivering through the Winter storm, barefooted and ragged; they sleep in boxes or cellars or old barges; they are often hungry and friendless. Then the poor children who have homes find often "the wolf at the door" in these hard Winters; their fathers are out of work, their mothers perhaps sick, and there is no bread in the closet; they suffer from cold and hunger, and have no warm clothing nor shoes for the Winter. The Children's Aid Society wish to give a merry Christmas to the thousands of poor children under their charge, if only the charitable send the means. They desire to distribute thousands of shoes and garments among the children of their industrial schools, and have pleasant festivals for these poor little ones. They propose, if money be sent, to give good Christmas dinners in the lodging-houses to the street boys and girls. One hundred dollars will give one hundred and fifty school-children warm dinners for a month. But the best Christmas present is a home! Who will give it? Fifty dollars will provide three homeless children with homes in the country. It is earnestly asked that the children of Sunday-schools and day-schools will remember these little ones who have no home nor friends.

HOW TWEED ESCAPED.—A strange story comes from Washington regarding the peremptory dismissal of Young, the American consul at Santiago de Cuba. It is said, on the authority of General Sabal Marin, of Cuba, that Young was instrumental in Tweed's escape from that city; that he personally bought the passage-ticket for Tweed on the *Carmen*; that he had had him living in his own apartments at the Consulate, and that when he telegraphed to Consul-General Hall the release of Tweed, the dispatch was so postponed that before the answer could reach him to hold Tweed and send him back to Havana under arrest, the *Carmen* had already sailed, and Tweed escaped. General Marin made an investigation of these and other facts, which led him to believe that there were some suspicious money transactions between Tweed and Young, and that it was, in fine, nothing but a case of collusion to assist the flight of Tweed. He decided to embody these facts and suspicions in a report, which he forwarded through the regular diplomatic channels from Cuba to Madrid, whence they came back to the State Department of the United States. Immediately upon their receipt, the showing was so bad for Mr. Young, that his removal was promptly decided upon and made. General Marin expressed himself, while in Washington, as very indignant about the affair. A part of the tactics resorted to also, for the purpose of extricating Tweed from the custody of the Cuban officers of the law, was a dispute between the military and naval authorities as to whether Tweed was properly a prisoner of one or the other, which

ended in his slipping from the grasp of both. It is understood that Consul Young contended that Tweed was all right, and that his passport was in order.

NEWSPAPER STOCKHOLDERS.—An important decision, affecting the rights of a large and hard-worked class of the community, was rendered in this city by Judge Van Vorst, of the Supreme Court, on December 15th. The stockholders of the defunct *Republic* newspaper, a joint-stock company, were sued by some of the editors and reporters once in its employ for the amounts due them at its decease. The defendants demurred, claiming that the stockholders of the corporation are not liable for services rendered by editors or reporters for the newspaper association. The law of 1843, under which the individual liability of stockholders arises, makes them liable "for all debts that may be due and owing to all their laborers, servants and apprentices for services performed for such corporation." Editors and reporters, it was claimed, are not laborers, or servants, or apprentices. The Court decided that the question of what kinds of persons must be considered laborers or servants of a corporation depends on the nature of the work done by the corporation. As to the services referred to in this action, he says: "And, first, with regard to a reporter. The particular services rendered by him in this case does not appear in the complaint. The claim is for work, labor and services as reporter. The services of a reporter for a newspaper are commonly well understood, as is the meaning of the word. His duties in reporting proceedings of courts, public meetings, legislative assemblies and other services of a kindred character, are often laborious in the extreme, as they are responsible. His duties do not terminate with the day, but often extend into the night also. He must needs employ not only his hands constantly, but his eyes, his ears and his brain also. The value of his services to his employers depends upon his fidelity to his work and the accuracy of his reports. Within the meaning of the section in question, he is truly both a laborer for, and a servant to, his employers, and is entitled to recover of the stockholders for his services in reporting for the newspaper, the success of which depends greatly upon his labors. . . . In respect to the 'city' or assistant-editor of this newspaper association, if not an officer of the corporation, which he is not averred to be, I think that he is also a laborer and servant thereof, within the meaning of the statute in question."

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Domestic.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., had a \$140,000 fire, and Bolivar, Tenn., one of \$200,000, last week.

THE Returning Board of Louisiana refused to acknowledge the right of Congress to review their action.

FREDERICK O. PRINCE, for a long time Secretary of the National Democratic Committee, was elected Mayor of Boston.

CONGRATULATIONS upon the success of the Centennial Exhibition were received by the President from the Mikado of Japan.

THE Naval Commission reported in favor of abandoning the establishments at New London, New Orleans and Brunswick, Ga.

A BANKING-HOUSE at Somerset, near Zanesville, Ohio, was robbed of \$10,000 on the 13th by four masked men, who escaped.

AN ice-jam in the Mississippi River, at St. Louis, on the 12th, caused the destruction of many steamboats and entailed a loss of \$250,000.

A FREE TRADE dinner was given at Delmonico's, New York, on the 12th, in celebration of the centenary publication of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations."

It was thought when this paper went to press that the Supreme Court of Florida would issue an order for a new canvass of the State and Congressional vote.

PRESIDENT ORTON, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, refused the House Committee copies of official messages sent by wire during the election excitement.

MAYOR WICKHAM was appointed by Judge Brady receiver of the Security Life Insurance Company, which failed with liabilities of \$3,450,000 and assets of \$1,943,000.

D. T. CORBIN, United States District-Attorney at Charleston, S. C., was elected United States Senator, on the 12th, to succeed Mr. Robertson. General Wade Hampton was inaugurated Governor on the 14th.

MR. A. S. HEWITT, Chairman of the National Democratic Executive Committee, issued an address announcing the election of Mr. Tilden to the Presidency and Mr. Hendricks to the Vice-Presidency.

JOSHUA F. BAILEY, for many years Collector of Internal Revenue in New York City, and who fled the city in 1869 under the suspicion of being a heavy defaulter, returned last week, having been paroled by the President.

Foreign.

OWING to the great famine in Bombay, large numbers of starving people are flocking into Madras.

M. HEER was elected President of the Swiss Confederation for one year, and M. Schenck, Vice-President.

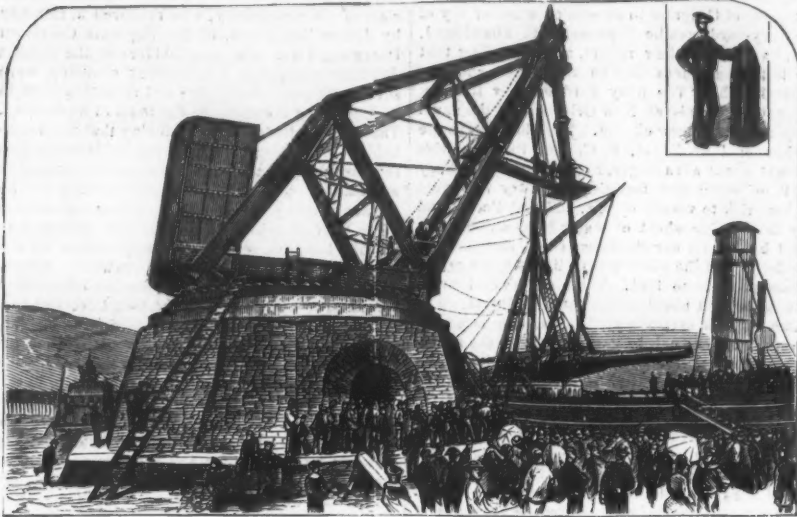
M. LOUIS SIMON formed a French Cabinet assuming the Presidency of the Council and Ministry of the Interior himself, and appointing M. Marti, Minister of Justice.

A NEW Servian Cabinet was formed, and the Government began to issue notes with a forced circulation. Soldiers belonging to the active army were ordered to rejoin their colors by December 22d.

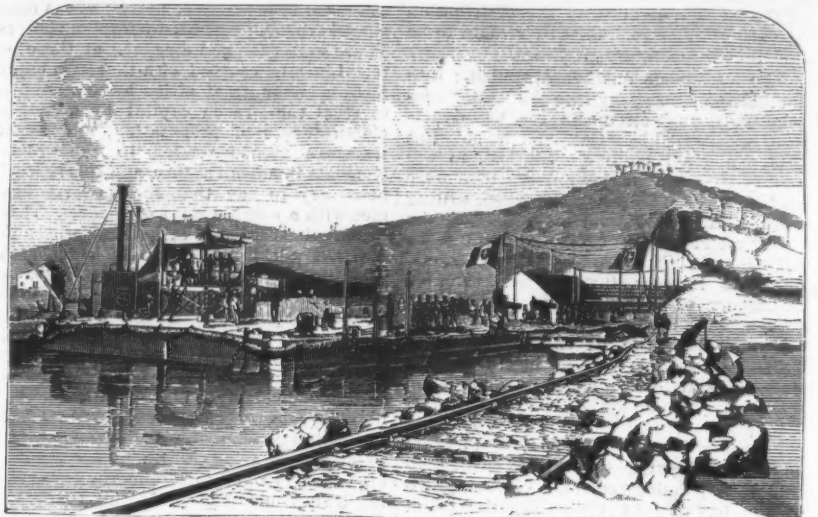
A PRELIMINARY conference of the Foreign Ambassadors was held at Constantinople on the 11th, General Ignatieff presiding, at which the expediency of a rectification of the Montenegrin frontier was admitted.

A RESERVED force of 100,000 men is being mobilized at St. Petersburg and Moscow. Immense quantities of hay are being stored at Bucharest; the Russians are forming a vast fortified camp at Bender, and the Government has promised its support to Montenegro's claim for an extension of territory and the possession of a seaport.

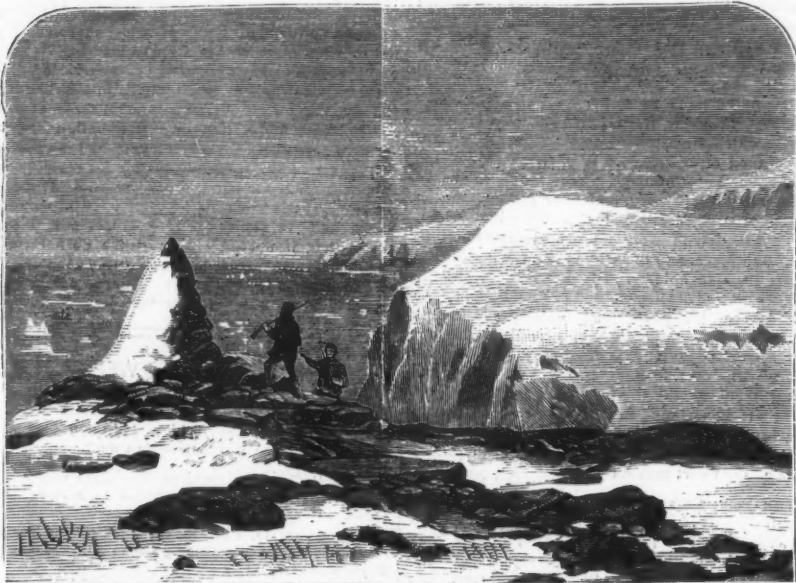
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 279.



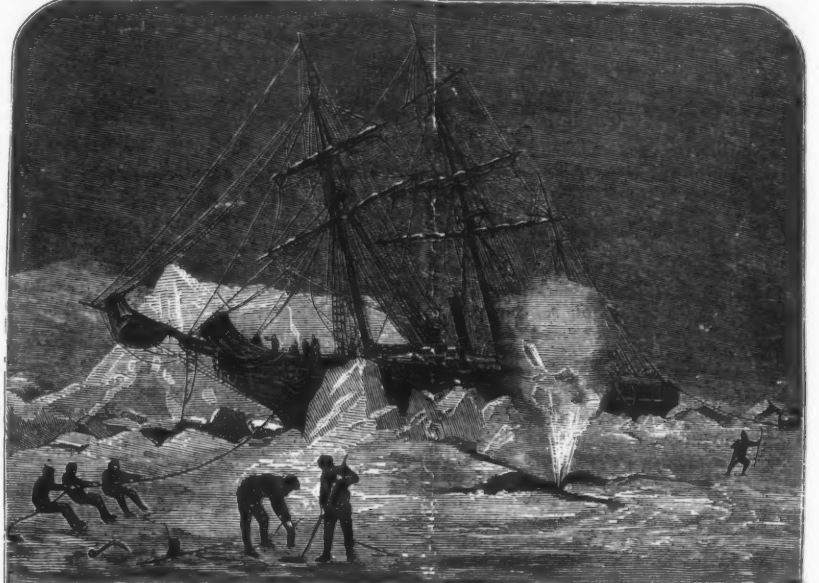
ITALY.—THE LANDING AT SPEZZIA OF THE 100-TON ARMSTRONG GUN.



ITALY.—EXPERIMENTS AT SPEZZIA WITH THE NEW 100-TON ARMSTRONG GUN.



THE "PANDORA'S" SECOND ARCTIC CRUISE.—EXAMINING A CAIRN AT CAPE ISABELLA.



THE "PANDORA'S" SECOND ARCTIC CRUISE.—BLASTING THE ICE-NIP IN MELVILLE BAY.



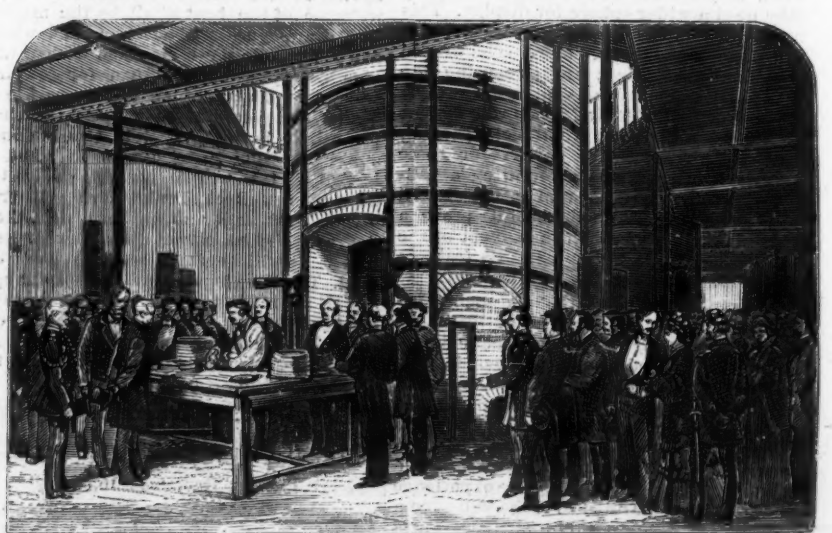
TURKEY.—DISTRESSED REFUGEES ENCAMPING NEAR PARATJIN, SERVIA.



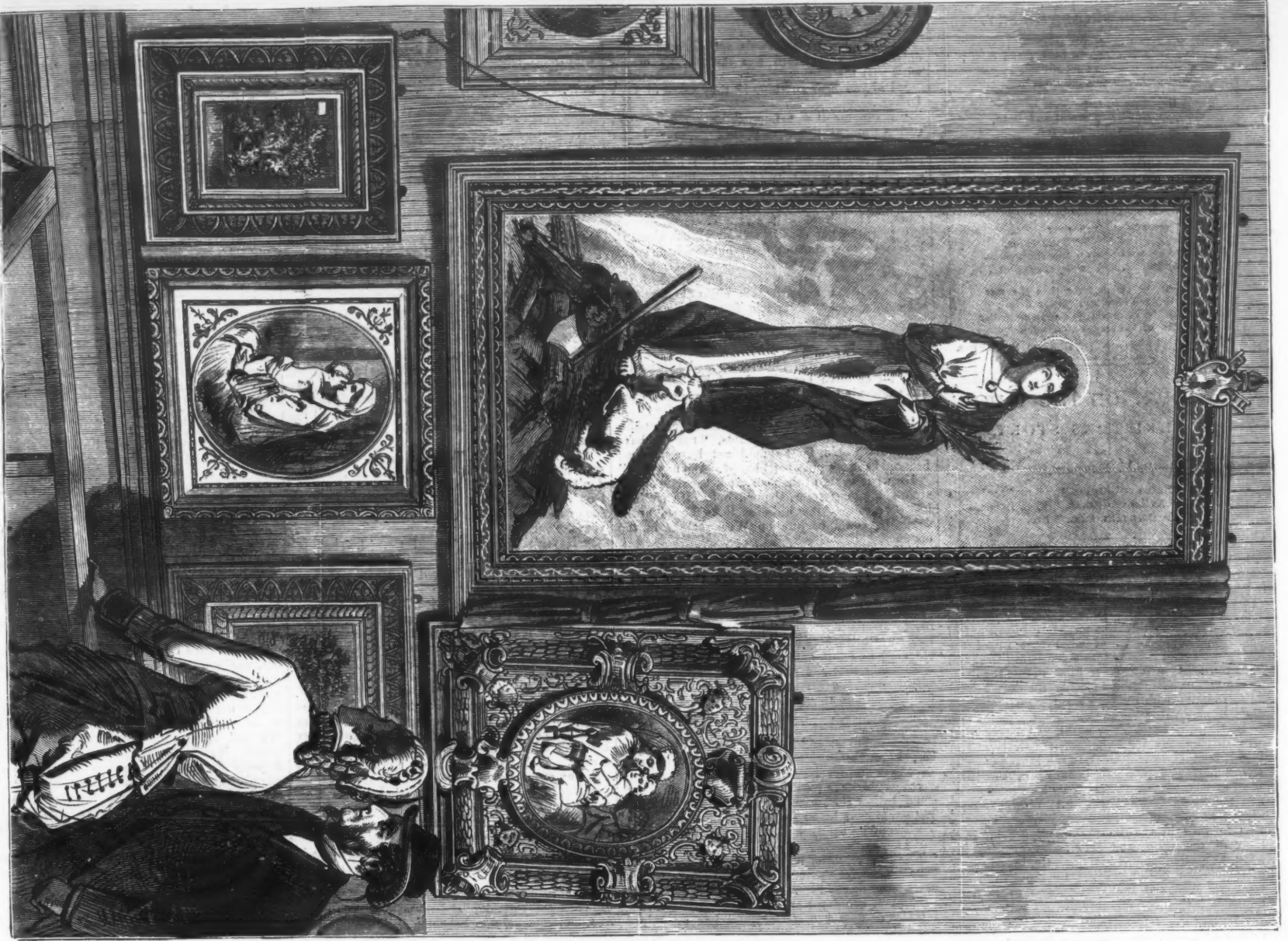
SOUTH AMERICA.—CELEBRATION AT SANTIAGO, CHILI, OF GENERAL O'HIGGINS'S CENTENARY.



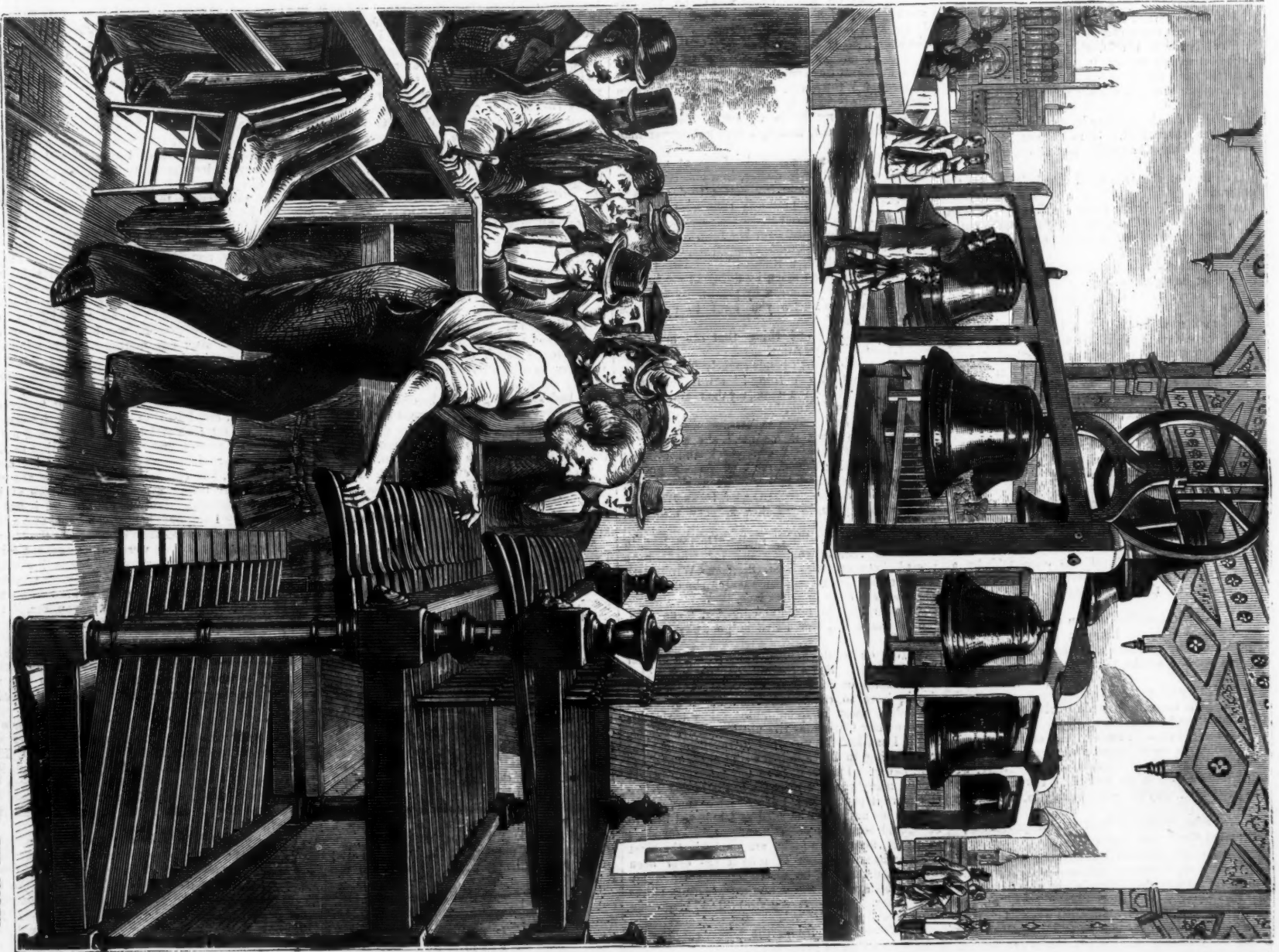
FRANCE.—MARSHAL MACMAHON INSPECTING THE MANUFACTURE OF PORCELAIN AT THE NEW SEVRES FACTORY.



FRANCE.—MARSHAL MACMAHON INAUGURATING THE NEW SEVRES PORCELAIN WORKS.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE PAPAL EXHIBIT IN MEMORIAL HALL.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 282.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—PROFESSOR WIDOWS RINGING THE CHIMES IN THE NORTH
TOWER OF MACHINERY HALL.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 282.

A LESSON FROM THE SKY.

THE sun is set, and still as time
The great sky broods benign and calm;
Neglected like some ancient rhyme,
I stand and wonder that I am!

Athwart the portals of the west
One fiery cloud slopes still and stern,
While waking from delicious rest,
A trembling star begins to burn.

The glory of the western throne
By yon red arm is guarded now;
Oh, young heart! toiling here alone,
What to the world's great strength 'art thou?

But lo! I see the star-urn pour
Its soothing light beyond the skies,
While pale as sand-ribs on the shore
The shrunken cloud in darkness lies.

Young heart, be strong! for thee the star
In heaven's serene and tender deep;
The world's dread arm thy course may bar—
It wastes with every watch ye keep.

HORATIO N. POWERS.

Shadows on the Snow.

A CHRISTMAS STORY,

BY

B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "AN ISLAND PEARL," "THE DUCHESS OF ROSEMARY LAKE," ETC.

PART II.—(CONTINUED).

WILLY—the only name by which William Fairfield was known—went to the door, and cautiously opened it, and, holding it fast in fear that it might be blown out of his hand, let in a gust of wind that raised the dying embers of the fire into a deceitful blaze, and caused his mates to shout to him to close the door. Stepping out quickly, and closing the door behind him, William, with his keen sight, strove to pierce the darkness.

In truth, it was a bitter night. A heavy wind was driving the snow before it fiercely. The clouds hung black and thick in the heavens. The tremendous ranges which hemmed in the little band of men were snow-clad from base to summit, and the flying drift, blowing into William's face, almost blinded him. Suddenly William made a step forward in the darkness. Wiping his eyes clear of the snow, and shading them with his hand, he peered before him intently, in search of some familiar object. What he sought did not meet his gaze, and hastily stepping into the tent, he fastened the door, and resumed his seat.

"Well?" asked Gentleman George, for the disturbed expression on William's features invited inquiry.

"Did you see the fork this afternoon?" William abruptly asked.

His mates turned their eyes upon him.

"Yes," was the reply.

The fork was a tree, with a quaintly formed limb branching out of it, which stood about a hundred yards from the tent.

"Are you sure you are not mistaken?"

"Certain."

"Well, it has been either blown away, or the snow has covered it. If it has not been blown away, there must be twelve feet of snow where it stands."

The fork of the tree stood that height from the ground.

A low whistle broke from the lips of the three men, and Cornish Tom, knocking the ashes out of his cutty pipe, refilled it with more than usual care and deliberation.

They followed his movements, knowing he had something important to say. Pressing the tobacco into the bowl of his pipe with his left thumb, he said:

"I reckon we're in for a tight job. We've about three days' grub in the tent, and there's no getting any more within twenty miles of this. The snow-storm is going to last, and I'm blest if I see how we are going to fight it out in this gully! We'll have to make our way out of it."

"And leave behind us a claim that's turning out an ounce of gold to the tub?"

"That's so."

"With the chance of never being able to find the place again?"

"Right you are."

No one ventured to dispute long with Cornish Tom; he was known not to be fond of giving idle opinions.

"Well," said Gentleman George, "I reckon there's no help for it. I was once told by a shepherd that places like these are snowed-in at this season of the year sometimes for months together."

"The only thing that we can do," said Cornish Tom, "is to try and hump it back to-morrow. It'll be no easy job, and it'll take time. Did any of you see the smoke rising from the next gully this morning?"

"No," they all replied.

"The men there have made tracks, then, knowing that it would be death to stop. We'll have to follow their example, mates. An eternal shame it is that when we've found a rich gully like this, we should have to run away from it! Why, we could make a pile in six months! I wonder what sort of ground they've been working in, in the next gully."

"I wonder if they're well off for provisions," speculated Gentleman George.

"It's all very well," said Dick Driver, speaking very slowly, "to say that we shall have to follow them; but it strikes me that we shan't be able to get out of this as easy as we think. Look here," and he kicked the side of the tent, against which a mass of accumulated snow was heavily pressing; "there's a big drift setting in; the old tracks are rubbed out, and if the fork is buried, we might as well try to walk through the sea as attempt to get out that way. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if we

were never to get out at all. Hark! What is that?"

They inclined their heads and listened. The only sound they heard was the rushing of the wind past the tent.

"Did you hear anything?" they asked of Dick Driver.

"I suppose it was fancy," he replied. "At such a time as this a man ain't accountable for everything that passes through his mind. I was never given much to religion; if I had been, I should say my prayers twice over to-night."

The only answer Gentleman George and Cornish Tom gave to this was a steeper puffing at their pipes. They were well aware of their danger, but they did not care to talk overmuch about it. Indeed every man of the party but one had, before this time, grasped the full extent of his peril—every man but William Fairfield. He had not clearly realized it until this night, and now it came upon him with terrible force. Never to get back! To be buried here and lost to the world for ever! Never to see dear Devon again! Never again to see or hear of Laura! An intense and burning desire seized him to see and speak with her; for he loved her still—loved her dearly. It was maddening to think he should never look upon her face again.

"Would it have been better for me," he thought, distracted by remorseful doubts, "not to have seen? It would, for I should not have known; I should have been blest and happy. And now—"

He went again to the door, and, heedless of the almost blinding snow, stepped out. He strained his gaze across the hills, as if he hoped by so doing he could conjure up Warleycombe in the distance.

And if he could have done so—if at that moment a vision of what was passing there had dawned upon him, what would he have seen and heard?

He would have seen Laura sitting listlessly at her favorite window, overlooking the garden, now radiant with Nature's loveliest gifts. He would have observed how thin and pale she had grown in the few months that had passed since Christmas. He would have seen her gazing with wistful look far, far beyond, as though she, too, were striving to annihilate space, and look again upon the form of the man she loved—for she had not turned her heart from him; and had he presented himself to her, she would have taken him to her breast, and wept over and forgiven him.

He would have seen her father enter softly, and stand by her side, with his hand on her shoulder. He would have heard Reuben Harrild say:

"The old wound, child?"

"The old wound, father," she answers, sadly;

"it will never, never be healed."

"Child, child!" Reuben Harrild cries; "he is not worthy of you!"

She lays her finger on his lips.

"He is mistaken, father, and has misjudged me. He will know it soon, perhaps does now, and thinks better of me. Oh, that he were here, that I might tell him I forgive him!"

And later on, when Laura was alone, William would have seen her on her knees, her prayer being that her lover should return to her, or that she should die!

Had he possessed the disputed gift of clairvoyance, he might have turned to another home—that of Stephen Winkworth. There he would have seen poor, crippled Alice lying sick on her bed, and Stephen standing by in anguish; Doctor Bax, also, being present, looking somewhat grayer than of old.

"May children never make faces at medicine again," said the little doctor, in a cheerful voice, "if you are not something better to-day, Alice! We shall have you presently running about the house as lively as a cricket."

A weary smile passes over her face.

"I shall never get well, I am afraid, doctor."

"Nonsense, child, nonsense!" exclaims Doctor Bax; "what do you mean by flying at me in that way? What do you mean by presuming to know better than I do? Do you want to upset the Pharmacopoeia?"

"There is only one thing that can make me better, doctor," says Alice.

Stephen Winkworth bends eagerly forward.

"What is that one thing?" cries the doctor, vivaciously. "Give it a name, my dear, and it shall be yours in a twinkling."

She shakes her head in sadness.

"You cannot get it for me," she says. "If William Fairfield would come back and comfort Laura, it would gladden me and do me good."

She presses her hand to her heart as she speaks, and looks towards Stephen, who turns from his child with a groan. "Laura is very unhappy, doctor?"

"Very unhappy, child," replies Doctor Bax, in a tone of infinite compassion; for words have passed between him and Stephen Winkworth which make him more than suspect the deformed girl's secret of her hopeless love.

"You really do not know, doctor," she asks, "what made William Fairfield go away so suddenly?"

"How on earth should I know?" cries Doctor Bax, irascibly. Some confounded mischief-maker had a hand in it, I dare say—and yet, that he should have so conducted himself!—it is unaccountable, most unaccountable! I was in his company last Christmas Eve until nearly midnight, and if I had had the most remote suspicion of what was passing in his mind, I would never have left him, never! I have lived in this miserable world a good many years, my dear, and the longer I live the more it puzzles me. How such a young man—generous and noble-minded as I believed him to be—could so basely desert a sweet girl—for she's an angel, my dear, and so are you!—is the most incomprehensible piece of folly I have ever seen. My bad fortune to be mixed up in. Upon my word, I believe the world and everybody in it has gone crazy. Good-by, my dear; I will see you to-morrow."

And Doctor Bax leaves the house, rubbing his head with an air of great vexation.

William Fairfield saw nothing but the desolate ranges; heard nothing but the shrieking of the

storm; and a terrible and hopeless despair gathered about his heart. He could scarcely keep his senses at the thought of dying uncared for in this wild spot.

But he could not bear the cold, and he was fain to rejoin his mates in the tent.

"I have never been much of a believer in pre-sentiments," Gentleman George was saying, "but I have got the idea in my head that if we don't get out of this to-morrow, we shall never get out of it alive. We could keep the snow away for a pretty long time, but without wood for a fire, I'd defy the devil to keep himself from freezing. Then, we have nothing to eat."

"And the 'bacca's nearly run out," grumbled Cornish Tom. "I'd give a pound of gold for a pound of Barret's twist. I wouldn't care a brass farthing, if we had plenty of 'bacca."

"Will the old folks at home," said Gentleman George, "ever have an idea of our fate?"

"Don't keep on talking like that, George!" remonstrated Cornish Tom; "you'll make me feel as low-spirited as a bandicoot!"

The simile was accepted in its most expressive sense by his mates, though it would have puzzled any one of them to impart accurate information as to whether the animal were predisposed to low spirits. But for forcible figures of speech on the gold-fields the bandicoot was an invaluable creature.

"It isn't my fault, Tom; it comes. I haven't seen my parents for over ten years, and though I don't write to them, and don't know, indeed, if they're alive, I can't help thinking of them at such a time as this. I never heard you speak of yours, Tom."

"Haven't got none," said Cornish Tom, laconically.

"Have you, Willy?" asked Gentleman George. William shook his head.

"You have, I know, Dick," George pursued, "for I've seen you reading their letters, and have envied you, mate. You see, I was a scapegrace at home, and they were glad to get rid of me, and I was not sorry to go. But I should like to see their dear old faces again, if they are alive!"

"And so you will, George," said Cornish Tom, energetically; "but you're not going the right way about it. We must keep stout hearts, and we shall be all right. At all events we won't stay here till we're so snugly snowed in that we can't escape. We'll start to-morrow morning, and cut our way out of this."

"Hark!" cried William, starting to his feet.

"Did you not hear a cry?"

They all listened attentively; no sound reached their ears but the moaning of the wind.

"It's hard for a man to hear anything in such a gale as this," said Cornish Tom. "Great Lord! What is that?"

They rushed to the door. A deadening roar drowned the shrieking and moaning of the wind, and, looking out, they beheld a sight which made them hold on to one another in awe and wonder. An avalanche, slipping from the summit of one of the loftiest ranges! Down, down it thundered, throwing out huge snow-sprays, each one sufficient to bury a hundred men. Down the steep side of the mountain it rushed, increasing in volume with every foot it rolled and detaching great masses of snow and ice, which leaped over each other with awful velocity, until they thundered into the gully.

A roar as of ten thousand evil spirits; an angry rush as of a giant army of white monsters, filling the air with terrible sights and sounds; and then the avalanche spread itself with a terrific thud at the base of the mountain. The lookers-on, with white faces, held their breaths; all thought of their own peril gone in the awful grandeur of the scene.

"We shall be blown into icebergs," presently said Gentleman George, as a deep sigh of relief escaped him, "if we stand here much longer. Thank God we were not under it!"

With a feeling of devout thankfulness in their hearts, they went into the tent, and scraping up the scattered embers of the fire, huddled round it in close companionship.

To divert his thoughts from the contemplation of the dread peril which surrounded them, Gentleman George began to talk of his gold-fields adventures, in which all joined with eager interest, having the same object in view as himself. Each man had something worth listening to to narrate, but the most famous authority was Cornish Tom, and he spoke of his experiences on new gold-fields with an eloquence and power of language strange from the bearded lips of so rough a man.

"You have been to every new rush in the colonies, I do believe," said Gentleman George.

"Pretty well to all of them, mate. It has been a kind of mania with me. Mayhap I shall never go to another."

"You were one of the first on Madman's Gully, I've been told, Tom."

Cornish Tom's face suddenly grew pensive, and he gazed into the dying embers of the huge fireplace, murmuring:

"Little Liz! Little Liz!"

In a voice so soft and sweet, that their hearts were drawn more closely to this mate of theirs, whose life was known to contain many affecting episodes.

"Little Liz!" echoed Gentleman George, in a sympathetic tone. "Anything to do with Madman's Gully, Tom?"

"Yes, mate."

"After the awful sight, we have just seen, Tom," said Gentleman George, "none of us, I am sure, are in the humor for sleep. Tell us the story of Little Liz."

Cornish Tom was silent for a while.

"It will do neither me nor you any harm, mates," he said, still gazing at the dying embers, "to recall the memory of that dear angel at this time. Keep silence, mates. I will tell you the story."

They did not speak after this, and presently Cornish Tom, into whose manner a touching tenderness had stolen, commenced the story of—

LITTLE LIZ.

"When the Victoria gold-fever was at its height, people were mad with excitement. Neither more nor less. I was as mad as the others,

although I came to the colony from California, which was suffering from the same kind of fever, and was pretty mad, too, in its way. But Victoria beat it hollow; for one reason, perhaps, because there was more of it. The strange sights I saw, and the stories I could tell, if I knew how to do it, would fill a dozen books. In my time I have lived all sorts of lives and have worked with all sorts of mates, picked up in a rough-and-tumble kind of way, which was about the only way then that mates picked up each other. One day you did not know the man that the next day you were hob-a-nob with."

"I had some strange mates, as you may guess, but the strangest I ever worked with, and the one I liked more than all the others put together, was Bill Trickett. Bill was as thin as a lath and as tall as a Maypole, and had come to the colony under a cloud. I don't mean by that that he had done anything wrong at home, and was sent out at the expense of the Government, like a heap of others I mated with; but he was obliged to run away from England for a reason I didn't know when I picked him up, but which I learnt afterwards. He had brought his wife out with him—a poor, weak, delicate creature—who died soon after he landed, leaving behind her a baby, a little girl, the only child they had. This child Bill left with some people in Melbourne, and came on to the gold-diggings to try his luck. I was working at that time in Dead Dog Gully, near Forest Creek, which was just then discovered, and Bill and me came together as mates. A better one to do his share of the work and a little bit over I should be unreasonable to wish for. I never had anything to complain of. On the contrary. He never shirked his work, seeming to like it more than anything else in the world. And once, when I was laid up with colonial fever—some of you have had a touch of it, I dare say, and know how it pulls a man down—he nursed me with the tenderness of a woman, and worked the claim without a murmur. Those are things one doesn't easily forget."

"Soon after I got well our claim was worked out, and we had to look elsewhere for another; for every inch of Dead Dog was taken up. I remember well the night we parted. We were sitting in our tent, Bill and me, with our gold before us and our revolvers at full cock on the table. We had to look out pretty sharp in those days, mates. Many's the man who has been robbed and disposed of, without any one being the wiser; many's the man that has been murdered and thrown down deserted shafts. Queer things were done in the diggings during the first fit of the fever, that human tongue will never speak of. Murder will out, they say; that isn't quite true. I've seen some sights that make me shiver to think of, the secret of which will only be known on the Day of Judgment."

"Well, we were sitting there, with our gold before us. Our claim had been a rich one, and we had three hundred ounces to divide, after all our sprees—and we had a few, I can tell you."

"Tom," said Bill, as he sat looking at the gold, "if I had had as much money as that when I was in the old country, I should never have come out to the gold-fields, and my dear wife would not have died."

"That's more than you can say for a certainty," I answered.

"Not a bit of it," he said; "my wife would have been alive, and we should have been living happily together. I'll tell you how it was. I was a contractor in a small way at home, and had lots of up-hill work, for I commenced with nothing. While I was courting Lizzie, an old hunk of a money-lender wanted to marry my girl. She had a nice time of it, poor lass! with her father on one side trying to persuade her to marry the old hunk, and me on the other, begging her to be faithful to me. But I had no need to do that. There was only one way out of the difficulty; we ran away, and got married without their knowing. We were as happy as the days were long, and should have remained so, but for the old money-lending thief. To spite me for taking the girl from him, he bought up all my old debts—about three hundred pounds' worth—and almost drove me mad. And one morning I caught the villain in the act of insulting my Liz. I didn't show him any mercy; I beat him till he was sore, and then I kicked him out of the house. The next day the bailiffs were on the lookout to arrest me for debt, and I had to run for my liberty. He sold me up, root and branch, and turned my wife into the streets, and we came together to Liverpool, where Lizzie was confined. I tried hard to get work, but couldn't; starvation or the work-house was before us. All my chances at home were gone, and there was nothing for it but emigration. I shipped before the mast, and a friend assisted me to pay Lizzie's passage in the steerage. A fortnight after we were out at sea, she told me that the doctor who attended her in her confinement had said that a long sea voyage would probably be the death of her. His words came true; she died within the year. So, you see, if I had had my share of gold at home, I could have paid that deuced old scoundrel, and my wife would not have died. I want to get a heap of gold, and go home and ruin him. I should die contented then."

"He rose and walked up and down the tent, cursing the man who, he believed, had killed his wife."

"I tell you what, Tom," he said, after a bit, "I shall tramp to Melbourne to see my little daughter, and then I shall go prospecting. There are places, I'll stake my life, where the gold can be got in lumps, and I mean to find them out. I dreamt the other night that I came upon it in the rock, and that I had to cut it out with a chisel."

"I didn't like the idea of losing my mate, and I did my best to persuade him not to go; but I might as well have talked to a lamp-post. So we divided the gold and shook hands, and the next morning he started on the tramp to Melbourne."

"I didn't see or hear anything of him for a good many months after this; and, somehow or other, when I lost him I lost my luck. Every shaft I bottomed turned out a duffer. I could hardly earn tucker. I worked in Jackass Gully, Donkey woman's Gully, Pegleg, Starvation Point, Choke'm Gully, Dead-horse Gully, and at last

made my way to Murdering Flat—nice, sociable names!—pretty well down on my luck.

"I had been in Murdering Flat three weeks, and I was sitting alone in my tent one night, reckoning up things. In those three weeks, I hadn't made half an ounce of gold, and there wasn't two pennyweights in my match-box—so that I didn't feel over amiable. That day I had been particularly unlucky, having made about three grains of gold, which I flung away in a rage. I was just thinking whether I mightn't just as well go to the grog-shanty and have a drink—it was past nine o'clock at night—when who should walk into my tent but my old mate, Bill. I scarcely knew him at first; for he had let his hair grow all over his face and he was almost covered with it, up to his eyes and down to his breast.

"Bill!" I cried, jumping up.

"Yes, it's me, Tom," he said. "Are you alone?"

"Yes, Bill."

"Stop here, then, till I come back, and don't let anybody in but me."

He went out, and returned in about ten minutes with a beautiful little girl in his arms.

"Hush!" he said, stepping softly. "Speak low. She's asleep."

"She wasn't above six years old; but she was so pretty, and looked so like a little angel—such as I never expected to see under my roof—that I fell in love with her at once. Of course I was a bit surprised when he brought her in, and he couldn't help observing it as he laid her carefully upon my stretcher.

"This is my little girl, Tom," he said, answering my look. "If I ever go to heaven, I shall have her to thank for it. She is my good angel."

"Where are you come from?" I asked, after we had covered the pretty fairy with a blanket.

"He looked cautiously round, as though he feared some one was in hiding, and then, sitting opposite me at the table, rested his chin on his hands, said, in a whisper:

"I've found it, Tom!"

"There was such an awful glare in his eyes that I felt quite scared as I asked him what it was he had found.

"I've found the place where the gold comes from!" he said, in the same sort of hoarse whisper. "I am on it, Tom! I know I should find it at last, Tom! I knew I should find it at last! Look here!"

"First going to the door to see that no one could get in without warning, he pulled from his breast-pocket a nugget of pure gold that must have weighed near upon seventy ounces, and five to six others, from fifteen to twenty ounces each. Lord! how my heart did beat as I handled them, and how I wished I could drop across some of the same kidney! I don't know how it is with you, mates; but although I don't believe I value the gold much when I've got it, there's no pleasure in life so great to me as coming suddenly upon a rich patch. I think the sight of bright, shining gold at the bottom of a dark shaft is one of the prettiest in the world.

"Is that good enough for you?" he asked, as he put the nuggets back into his pocket.

"I laughed.

"Any more where they came from, Bill?"

"More than you could carry." I stared at him, believing he had gone mad. "It's true. How are you doing?"

"I can't make tucker, Bill. My luck's dead out."

"It's dead in, now," said he; "I've come to put fifty ounces a day in your pocket. What do you say? Will you go mates with me again?"

"That was a nice question, wasn't it, to put to a hard-up digger, without an ounce of gold in his match-box?"

"Will I, old fellow?" I cried. "Will I not? When will we start?"

"Stop a minute, Tom," he said, gravely. "I've something to say to you first. I want you for a mate again, and shall be glad to have you; but we've got to strike a bargain. You see my little girl there?"

"I nodded.

"She is the blood of my heart! I am like a plant, Tom, which would wither if deprived of God Almighty's blessed dew. She is my dew. If anything was to happen to her, I should wither and rot and die. I want you for my mate, because I believe you to be honest and true. And I am going to show you a place where the gold grows—a place which, of my own free will, I would not show to another man in the world. I have hunted it and tracked it, never heeding the danger I have run. But do you know, Tom, that since I have had my little pet with me—and he laid his hand, oh, so gently upon her cheek!—all my recklessness and courage seemed gone clean out of me. For it is her life I am living now, not my own! And I think what will become of her if I die before my time—if I should slip down a shaft, or it should tumble in upon me, or I should fall ill of a fever, or anything of that sort should happen to me that would deprive her of a protector. These thoughts haunt me day and night, and presentiments come over me sometimes that fill me with fears I can't express. Now, Tom, listen to me. The place I am going to take you to will make you rich. If we can keep it to ourselves for a few months (though there is another in the secret, but he won't peach for his own sake), we shall get at least five thousand ounces—perhaps double as much; there's no telling whether we sha'n't drop across a mountain of gold. Now, lay your hand upon your heart and swear by all you hold dearest that if anything should happen to me, you will take care of my little darling, and be a second father to her when I am gone!"

"I bent over the dear little one's face—I can feel her sweet breath again upon my cheek—and kissed her. She stirred in her sleep and smiled. Then I said:

"That kiss is a sacrament, Bill. By all that's holy, I will be a second father to your little girl, should she need me. So help me, God!"

"He took my hand, and the big tears rolled down his beard. It was full five minutes before he was calm enough to speak.

(To be continued.)

AFTER THE GREAT FIRE.

THE RELIC-ROOM AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

ALL through last week the room of the property clerk at Police Headquarters, in Brooklyn, was crowded by anxious people, seeking some familiar object from among the thousand-and-one relics, taken either from the bodies of the unrecognized dead or from the debris of the ruins. This property is divided into forty lots, and embraces, besides jewelry, a collection of miscellaneous articles such as people are wont to carry in their pockets. There are watches of gold and silver, finger-rings of every description and material, chains, wristlets, necklaces, earrings, fobs and charms; there are penknives, pen and pencil-cases, bunches of keys, fire and press badges; there are scraps of pocket-books, newspapers and letters; remains of opera-glasses, gloves, handkerchiefs, shawls, boots and shoes, partial and full sets of false teeth; and every article is viewed with an earnestness as profound as if they possessed the most precious pecuniary value. Detectives are in charge of these sad relics to prevent impositions that are almost hourly attempted—the spirit of cupidity finding action in people who profess a recognition of articles only to secure and barter them for greed.

As fast as the trinkets are identified friends of the victims are allowed to take them away, and many a person has left with nothing but a penknife, a key, a ring, a watch, a shirt or sleeve-button, or some other simple property, to represent relatives and friends whose disfigured or incomplete remains lie in that saddest of sepulchres, the grave of the unknown.

CONGRESSIONAL.

FORTY-FOURTH CONGRESS—SECOND SESSION.

MONDAY, December 11th.—SENATE.—Democratic report on canvass of votes in Louisiana presented for the purpose of having it printed; objection being raised to its reception in its present form, it was determined to incorporate it into a petition to Senate. . . . House Bill appropriating \$21,000 to defray expenses of special committee to visit South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana, taken up, amended to add \$50,000, to defray expenses of Committee on Privileges and Elections of Senate in investigating November elections, and adopted. . . . Bill to provide for redemption of greenback currency offered, and referred to Committee on Finance. . . . Joint resolution proposing Constitutional Amendment to have electoral vote counted by Supreme Court taken up, and debated to hour of executive session. . . . House—Bills introduced to reduce letter postage to two cents; to regulate pay of letter-carriers, and to authorize purchase of silver bullion for coinage with legal-tender dollars. . . . Resolution requesting papers, etc., from President relating to removal of Governor Wells of Louisiana, in 1867, introduced; objection raised; motion to suspend rules and adopt lost. . . . Motion to suspend rules, and adopt resolution for appointment of Special Committees to investigate elections in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Philadelphia, Virginia, Mississippi and Alabama, defeated; when resolution for Committee to examine also alleged fraudulent registration or voting in New York, Jersey City and Philadelphia, was adopted without division. . . . Motion to suspend rules to adopt resolution instructing Judiciary Committee to inquire into forced contribution of Government employees to election fund, also defeated.

TUESDAY, December 12th.—SENATE.—Resolution directing Attorney-General to report number of United States Marshals employed throughout the country on election day, amended to secure reasons for employing them, and adopted. . . . Resolution called up directing Committee on Privileges and Elections to inquire into appointment of Presidential Electors in Oregon, debated, and, pending discussion, Mr. Edmunds demanded the regular order and joint resolution for Constitutional Amendment to throw counting of Electoral vote into Supreme Court, taken up, amended, and, pending discussion, Senate went into Executive Session. . . . Presidential nomination received. . . . House—Resumption of business under XXII Joint Rule demanded; Chair decided rule to be in force; appeal taken, then withdrawn, and House proceeded to consider unfinished business of last Session. . . . Resignation of Smith Ely, Jr., new Mayor of New York City, received and laid on table. . . . Speaker appointed committee to visit New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Philadelphia to investigate alleged election frauds.

WEDNESDAY, December 13th.—SENATE.—Large number of petitions praying Congress to prohibit manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors as beverages, presented and referred to Committee on Finance. . . . Oregon electoral case taken up and debated to call for regular order, when resolution went over. . . . Proposed Constitutional Amendment to regulate counting of electoral vote by the Supreme Court was debated and on vote the joint resolution was defeated. . . . House—Bill to equalize products of gold and silver mines taken up, amended and passed. . . . Bill to make Burlington and Missouri River Railroad in Nebraska a branch of the Union Pacific Railroad, amended and, on motion, recommitted. . . . Speaker announced appointments to fill vacancies on committees.

THURSDAY, December 14th.—SENATE.—Resolution to print extra copies President's Message on Louisiana election called up, amended so as to have Democratic report bound with it, and agreed to. . . . President's reply to resolution of inquiry about presence of troops in Petersburg, Va., on election day, received, ordered printed, and to lie on table. . . . House—Resolution for appointment of committee to act with committee of Senate to report upon the best method for determining questions that may arise on validity and legality of returns of electoral votes made by the States, and of another committee to ascertain privileges, powers and duties of the House in counting electoral votes, adopted. . . . Bill to pay expenses of electoral messengers passed. . . . In Committee of the Whole, the Post Office Appropriation Bill was taken up, discussed, amended, and, pending disposition, Committee rose and House adjourned.

FRIDAY, December 15th.—SENATE.—Consideration of resolution providing for investigation of appointment of Oregon electors resumed, and, pending discussion, Bill appropriating money for expenses of Southern Committees called up, and a Conference Committee ordered. . . . House—Appropriation Committee reported back Bill to cover expenses of Southern Committees, with recommendation that amount be increased so as to include committees to New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Philadelphia; recommendation adopted, and Bill passed. During debate on this the report of the Democratic visitors to Louisiana was read.

SATURDAY, December 16th.—SENATE.—No session. House—Post Office Appropriation Bill reported and passed. . . . Eulogies were delivered on the life and character of the late Speaker Kerr.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Italian Hundred-ton Gun.

THE huge gun manufactured by Sir William Armstrong for the new Italian ironclad *Duilio* arrived safely at Spezia, and was, on October 5th, disembarked from the Italian steamer *Europa*, by means of a powerful hydraulic crane, erected for that purpose in the

naval arsenal or dockyard. The crane, which is capable of lifting 160 tons weight, had been constructed by the firm of Sir W. Armstrong & Co. Its point of suspension was 110 feet above the level of the water, projecting 50 feet, and it could easily be managed by two men, raising the big gun from the steam-vessel, and putting it in position on board a pontoon, where it was mounted on its carriage, ready to be fired. We have now to observe the series of experimental firing trials with this enormous piece of artillery. They were performed during several days in the last week of October, in the pontoon moored off the shore of the Gulf of Spezia. These experiments were directed by a committee of Italian naval officers. The Minister of Marine has carried on the work of his predecessor, Admiral St. Bon, in the building of two most powerful ships—the *Duilio* and *Dandolo*—and providing them with the most powerful guns. Each of those ships will carry four of these big guns. He was present, of course, during these trials. The new gun, both in size and power, greatly exceeds any that is yet possessed by the British Government or by any foreign Government, either for the armament of ships or for fortifications. It was designed or ordered by Admiral St. Bon and Captain Albini, some time before the eighty-one ton gun lately put on trial at Shoeburyness was taken in hand. The heaviest gun then existing was one that weighed thirty-five tons. Armor-plating for ships and forts is now also much improved. The gun is a muzzle-loader, worked and loaded by a hydraulic engine. It is 32 feet long, and 6 feet 6 inches thick at the breech, with a bore exceeding 36 inches of diameter. It received a charge of 800 lb. to 340 lb. of powder, throwing a bolt of steel or chilled iron that weighed 2,000 lbs. with a velocity sometimes of 1,500 feet per second. It struck the target, one or two hundred yards distant, with a force exceeding 30,000 tons to the square foot. The target, representing a portion of the armored side of the *Duilio* or the *Dandolo*, was composed of a plate of steel, or wrought-iron, as the case might be, 22 inches thick, upon an open back of the same thickness, with a thinner iron plate behind. When the target of wrought-iron plate was fired at, the shot pierced quite through both iron and wood, tearing away the thinner back-plate, and still retaining a velocity of 650 feet per second. The steel-plate target proved more capable of resisting this tremendous assault; for though the steel was very much split, it nevertheless stopped the shot.

The "Pandora's" Second Arctic Cruise.

Almost at the same time of the arrival home of the Admiralty exploring ships *Alert* and *Discovery* from their attempt to explore the North Polar Sea, the *Pandora*, a steamer fitted out independently by Captain Allen Young, which left England this year to follow the squadron of Captain Nares into Smith Sound, and, if possible, to communicate with it, has likewise returned. This was the *Pandora's* second Arctic expedition, she having the year previous made a similar cruise at the joint expense of Captain Young, the late Lady Franklin, and the enterprising James Gordon Bennett, of this city. She left Upernivik, Greenland, last July, and on the 24th of that same month was suddenly and perilously caught fast in an ice-floe of great size. Preparations were made for leaving the threatened ship, and a day was spent in blasting the ice, and fortunately at nightfall the frigid grip was relaxed, and the vessel floated upright in clear water. It was five days, however, before her escape was assured. On August 5th the *Pandora* ran across Smith Channel to Cape Isabella, on the opposite coast of Ellesmere Land. This was the place at which Captain Nares had requested that any dispatches or letters intended for the *Alert* and *Discovery* should be left, in case the ship which might bring them could go no further north. A large cairn was seen, as in our illustration, upon the summit of the promontory at Cape Isabella; this cairn had been erected last year by the party of the North Polar Expedition. It was needful here, as at Littleton Island, that the *Pandora* should inspect the cairn and rummage the contents for any record that Captain Nares might have left there, such being the understood arrangements of "the Arctic post-office." Lieutenant Arbutnot, accompanied by Lieutenant Becker, landed with a cask full of letters from England, addressed to nearly all the officers and sailors of the *Alert* and *Discovery*. This was left at Cape Isabella, and was afterwards found by those for whom it was intended. The record which Captain Nares had deposited at Cape Isabella was taken out of the cairn.

The Turkish Armistice.

The approaching diplomatic conference of the Great Powers at Constantinople, to settle the future condition of the Christian provinces in the Turkish Empire, is anxiously looked forward to, while there are great preparations, both in Russia and in Turkey, for the war that can only be avoided by this conference having a satisfactory result. Meanwhile the destitute and miserable condition of the poor country people, in the districts where the Servian and Turkish armies were lately contending with each other, excites the compassion of every foreign traveler. One of our sketches represents a party of distressed fugitives, with women and children, encamped for the night at Paratjin, in very inclement weather, amidst a wintry fall of snow. The accounts of similar distress in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria are still more deplorable.

The O'Higgins Centenary in Chili.

On the 20th of last August the citizens of the Republic of Chili celebrated, at Santiago, with extraordinary enthusiasm, the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of General Bernard O'Higgins, one of the fathers of Chilian Independence. A brilliant feature of the festivity was a military allegorical procession, composed of a strong column of men mounted and on foot, and accompanied by four triumphal emblematic chariots. The passage of these latter was regarded by the spectators as the most brilliant spectacle ever witnessed in that city. One represented Victory, another the Navy, a third the Republic, and the fourth was "The General's Chariot," and bore a group representing General O'Higgins surrounded by the members of his Cabinet. This had as a special escort the Governor of Valparaiso and his armed attendants.

The New Sevres Porcelain Factory.

On Friday, November 17th, the world-renowned porcelain manufactory at Sevres was removed from the large edifice built for it by the Farmer General in 1745, to a new structure just erected for its use at the extremity of the Park of St. Cloud. The occasion was invested with some degree of official solemnity by the presence of the President of the Republic, the Minister of Instruction, and other public dignitaries. These distinguished guests, on arriving in the grand parlor, were presented to the Sevres Commissioners and to the Committee of Fine Arts, whereupon the entire assemblage made a tour of the establishment, closely scrutinizing as they passed along all the various processes involved in the special industry of the establishment. The operatives were all in their places, busily occupied at their several tasks, and the marvelous handiness of one of them, a glass-turner, named Bernardin, attracted the attention of Marshal MacMahon, who stood by him for some time watching the rapid play of his hands and the wonderful manner in which, under his expert manipulations, the meaningless lumps of soft glass became transformed into beautiful utensils of every useful and ornamental design. The whole establishment was in similar manner thoroughly inspected. Hereafter the article known as Sevres porcelain will come exclusively from the Park of St. Cloud, although it will retain its old familiar name.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—BRASIL has subsidized twenty-eight steam-ship lines.

—THE gold yield of California this year will be about \$20,000,000.

—THE Turks have an original proverb which says: "God hangs great weights on small wires."

—THE Philadelphia Masonic Temple was visited during the Centennial season by 125,850 persons.

—IN Brazil diamonds are found on mountains 6,000 feet above the sea. This is what makes them so high.

—TWO SPRINGS have just been discovered in Nevada that flow about eighty or ninety gallons of petroleum per day. The oil is almost colorless.

—IN Russia coffins covered with pink cloth are used for children and young unmarried persons, crimson for women, brown for widows. Black is in no case employed.

—FOUR thousand demands for space have already been addressed to the officials of the Universal Exhibition of 1878 by manufacturers and tradesmen of all nationalities.

—THE large bell in the Cologne Cathedral, made out of captured French cannon, is a failure. The tone is unpleasant. It will not be used, and is named "The Silent Bell."

—THE first bank in the United States was the Bank of North America, organized January 7th, 1772, at Philadelphia, and it is still transacting an extensive business in the Quaker City.

—A MAN twenty-seven years old has just been sent to the Massachusetts State Prison, who has spent all but two years and three days of his life in reformatory and charitable institutions.

—TWELVE French convicts recently escaped from New Caledonia in a steam-launch. A war-vessel overtook them and captured ten of the number. The other two jumped overboard and were drowned.

—THE annual report of the Albany Penitentiary shows that the gross earnings for the year amounted to \$123,529.06; and the ordinary expenses were \$85,701.66, leaving net earnings of \$37,827.40.

—BOWDOIN COLLEGE has two hundred and forty-one students—three post-graduates, forty-three seniors, twenty-five juniors, twenty-four sophomores, forty-nine freshmen and ninety-seven medical students.

—IN China agriculture is considered the noblest of arts to which man can attain. To such a degree is the worship of this art carried, that the annual *fete* day of agriculture is attended by the Emperor in person, who on this day humbly wields the plow.

—A BIBLICAL scholar in Germany has been doing some pretty close figuring to determine the dates of events described in the Old Testament, and announces as one result the discovery that Noah issued from the Ark on September 17th, 3446, at six o'clock in the evening.

—THE Burlington (Vt.) *Free Press* is responsible for the assertion that there are large quantities of Fenian arms and equipments stowed away in the northern part of the State in hogheads and boxes, in barns and other hiding places, in charge of Irish farmers along the frontier.

—A HARTLAND (Niagara County) couple had some trivial quarrel, and mutually agreed to separate. They accordingly lived apart for about two months, when the wife, who held a note against her husband, due a few days since, notified him that he could pay the note, or take her home again to his bosom.

—THE Caucasus is in winter the Florida of Russia, and Tiflis is its chief centre for frozen-out fashionables from St. Petersburg. The young men are reported there as holding a higher carnival with balls, opera bouffe, champagne and maroons *placés* than ever before, owing to the prospective glories of war.

—THE British Consul-General in Egypt has written to the King of Abyssinia offering to mediate between him and the Khédive. Major Barlow, an Englishman, who, it was recently announced, was on his way to Abyssinia to take command of the King's army, has been stopped by order of the Khédive.

—A LOCOMOTIVE engineer, who had been discharged for some cause, gave vent to his spite, in a way eminently characteristic of American humor. He said it was about time he left the company anyhow, for the sake of his life, for "there was nothing left of the track but two streaks of rust and the right of way."

—THE recently published judicial statistics of France reveal the fact that in 1874 the number of suicides had reached the unprecedented number of 5,617. Of these, 4,435 were males and 1,182 females; 29 were under sixteen and 1,600 over sixty years old. As usual, the suicides were more numerous in Spring and Summer than in Autumn or Winter.

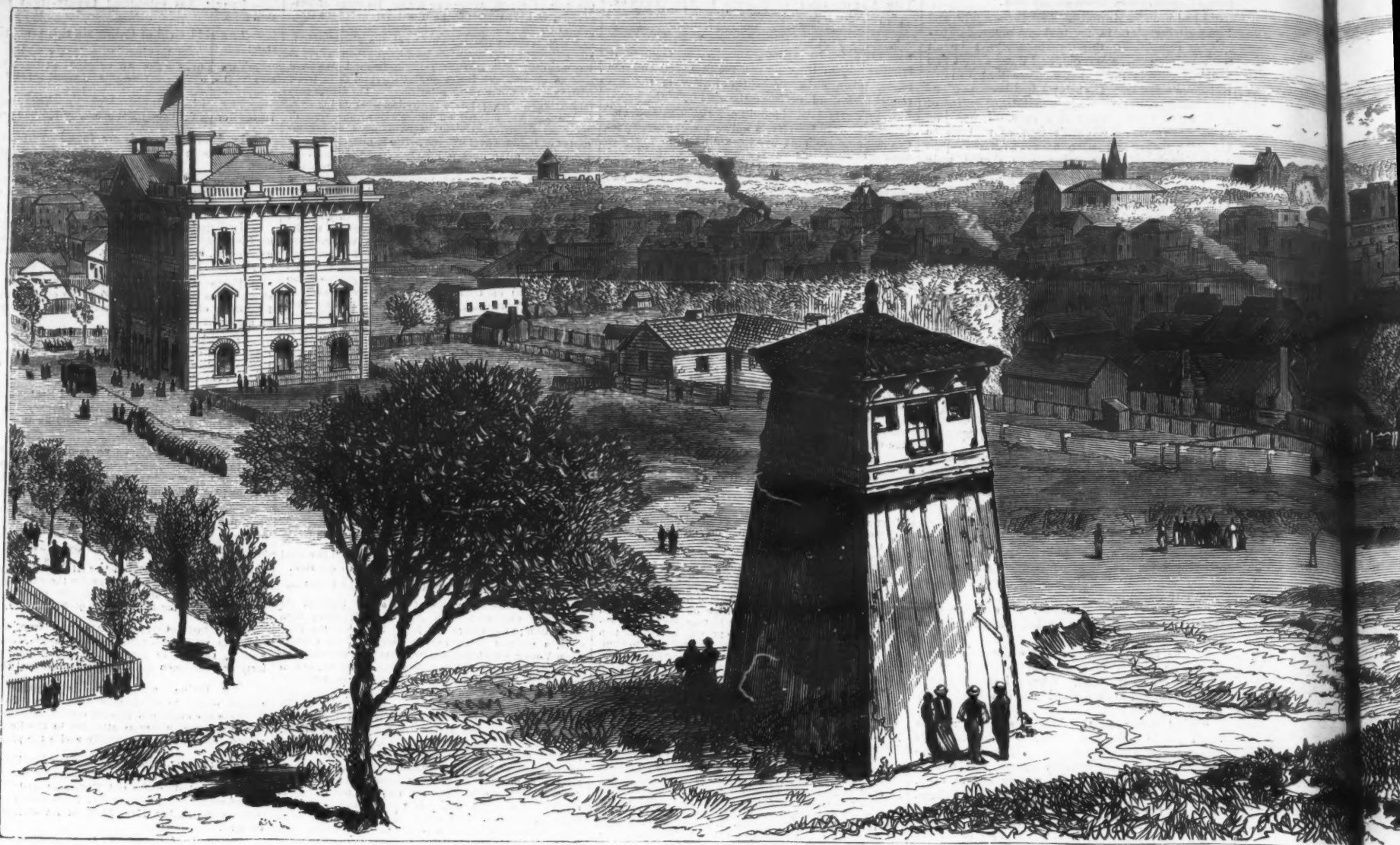
—THE remnants of a balloon were lately discovered on the coast of Iceland. Sections of a human skeleton were in the basket, and also a pocketbook, with papers blurred by the action of water, and incomprehensible. It is thought that the skeleton is that of Prince, one of the three balloonists who left Paris during the siege, of whom no report has ever been received.

—AT the approaching session of the Dominion Board of Trade the Ottawa delegates will urge the taking of such steps as will result in securing to vessel-owners of the Dominion the right of using American canals and rivers, as provided by the Treaty of Washington. They will also set forth the impropriety of allowing American to be treated as Canadian vessels by simple registration.

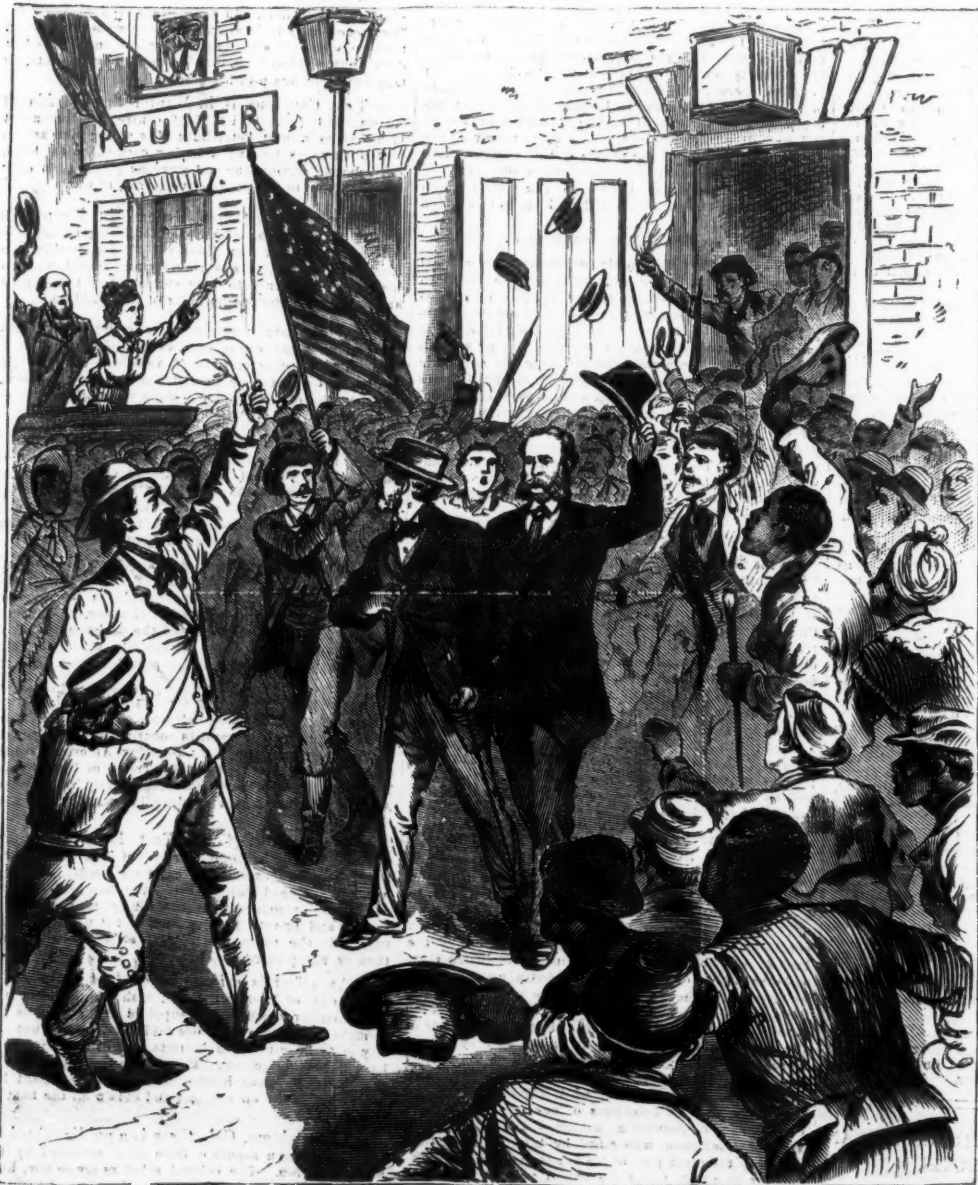
—A SURGEON of the East India Company, speaking of the graceful carriage of Hindoo girls, believes that the exercise of carrying small vessels of water on the head without using the hands to balance might be introduced advantageously into boarding-schools and private families, and that it would entirely supersede the present machinery of dumb-bells, calisthenics, skipping-ropes, etc.

—AN effort is said to be on foot to heat the whole city of Lockport, N. Y., with steam, after the same manner in which it is supplied with gas. It is not thought feasible to have one boiler do the job, but the city is to be divided in districts, and each district is to have its separate boiler. Mains from each boiler are to run to the different houses, and all the occupants have to do is to turn on a faucet and obtain all the heat he wants.

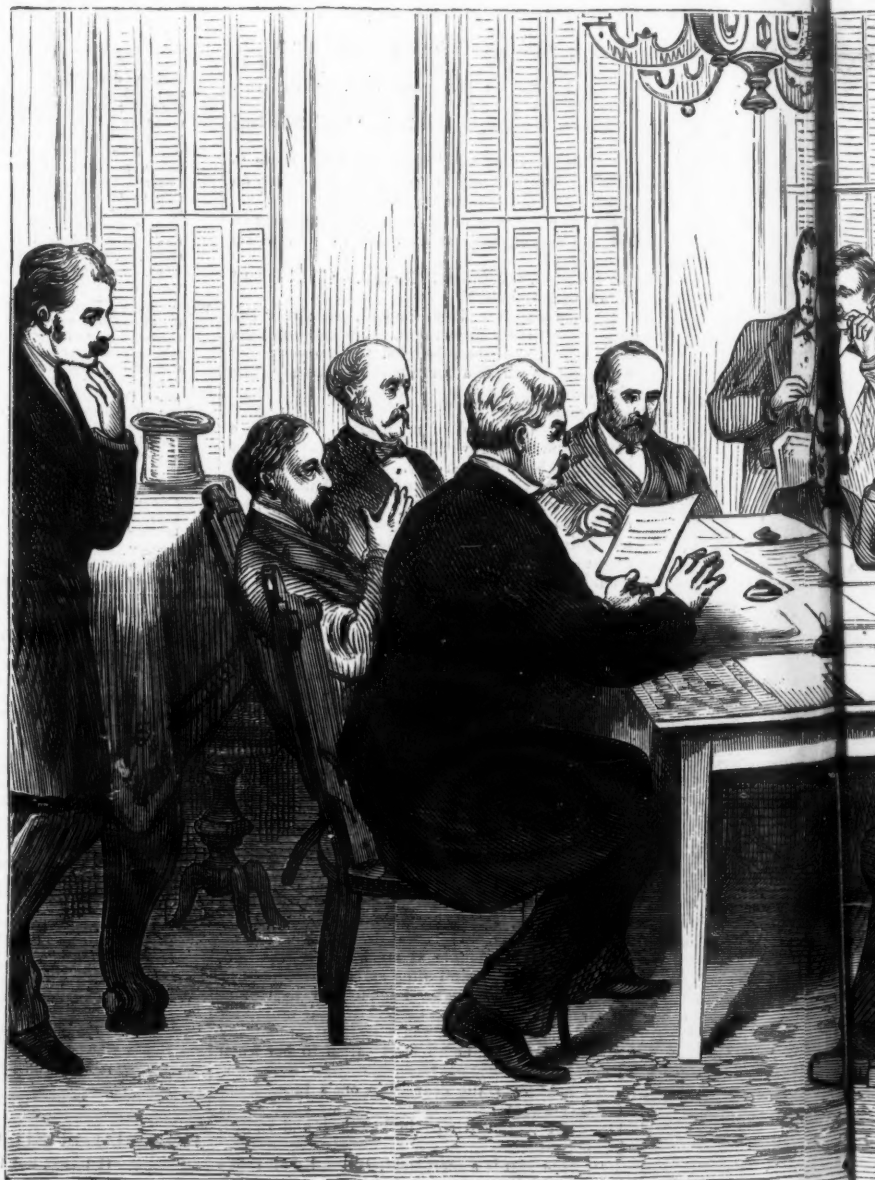
—IN Petaluma, Cal., there is a public school for colored children separate from that attended by the white children. The colored scholars are so few, however, that it is estimated that the education of each one costs the taxpayers two hundred and fifty dollars a year against about twelve dollars a year for the education of each white scholar. This strikes some of the citizens of Petaluma as rather a high price to pay for the luxury of a race prejudice.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF COLUMBIA FROM ARSENAL HILL, SHOWING THE POST OFFICE ON

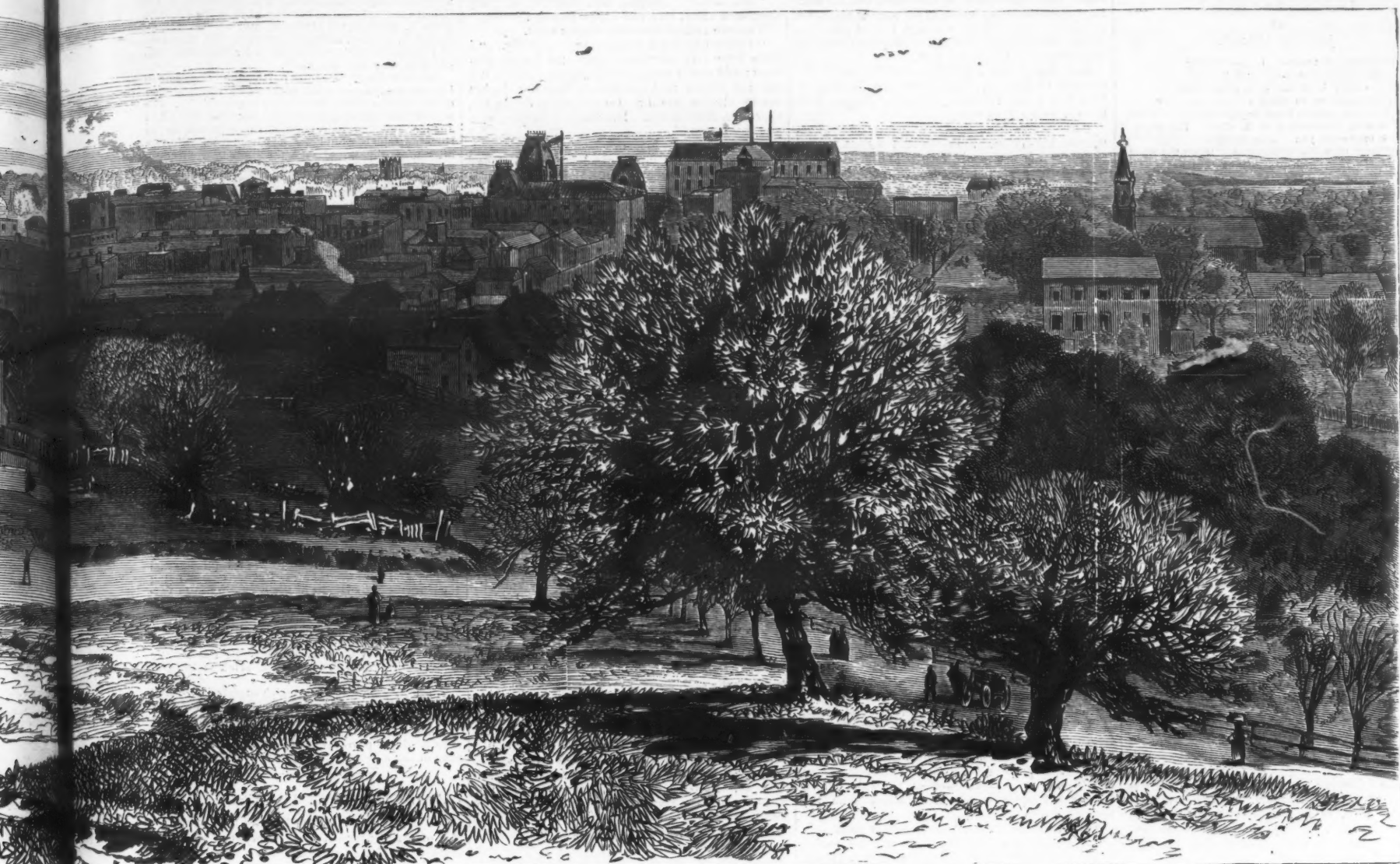


THE INAUGURATION OF GENERAL WADE HAMPTON AS GOVERNOR, DECEMBER 14TH.

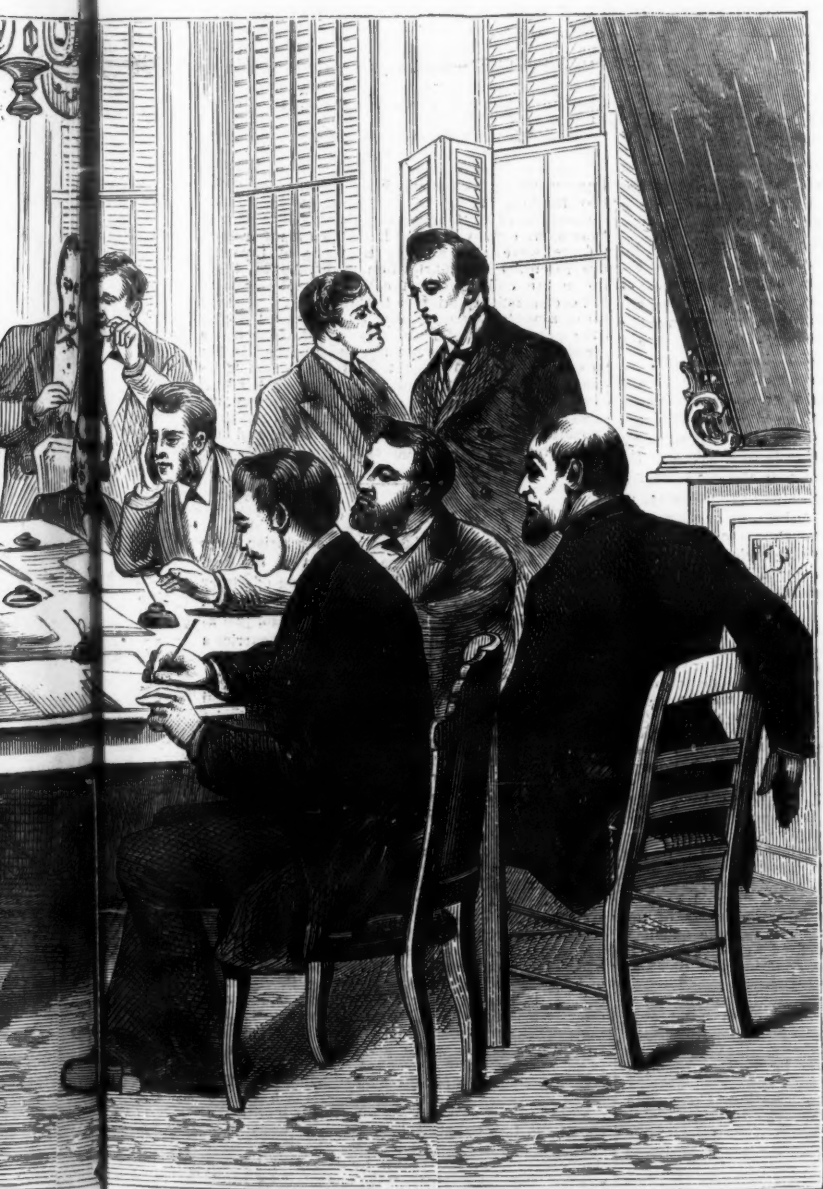


THE CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE

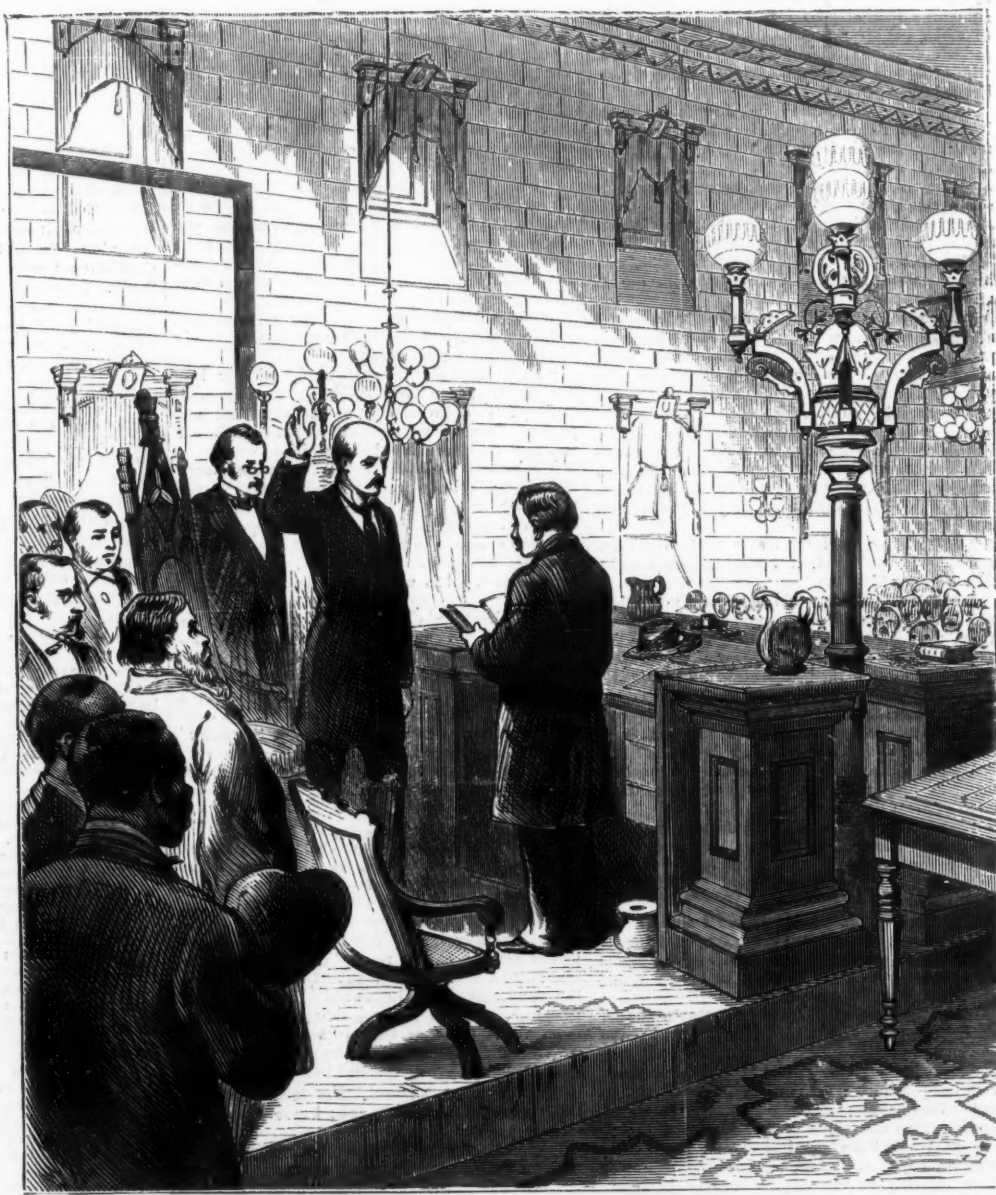
SOUTH CAROLINA.—THE CONTEST OVER THE NOVEMBER ELECTION—INCIDENTS OF THE DUAL



THE POST OFFICE ON THE LEFT AND THE STATE HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE BACKGROUND.



COMMITTEE IN SESSION IN THE WHEELER HOUSE.



GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN BEING SWORN INTO OFFICE BY PROBATE JUDGE BOONE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, DEC. 7TH.

IN PERE-LA-CHAISE.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

AN avenue of tombs! I stand before
The tomb of Abelard and Eloise.
A long, a dark bent line of cypress trees
Leads past and on to other shrines; but o'er
This tomb the boughs hang darkest and most dense,
Like leaning mourners clad in black. The sense
Of awe oppresses you. This solitude
Means more than common sorrow. Down the wood
Still lovers pass, then pause, then turn again,
And weep like silent, unobtrusive rain.

'Tis but a simple, antique tomb that kneels
As one that weeps above the broken clay.
'Tis stained with storms, 'tis eaten well away,
Nor half the old-new story now reveals
Of heart that held beyond the tomb to heart.
But oh! it tells of love! And that true page
Is more to me in this commercial age,
When love is calmly counted some lost art,
Than all man's mighty monuments of war
Or archives of Art and Science are.

Here poets pause and dream a listless hour;
Here silly pilgrims stoop and kiss the clay;
Here sweetest maidens leave a cross or flower;
While Vandals bear the tomb in bits away.
The ancient stone is scarred with name and scrawl
Of many tender fools. But over all
And high above all other scrawls is writ
One simple thing, most touching and most fit.
Some pitying soul has tipped high above,
And with a nail has scrawled but this: "O Love!"

O Love! . . . I turn; I climb the hill of tombs,
Where sleeps the "bravest of the brave," below
His bed of scarlet blooms in zone of snow.
No cross or sign save this red bed of blooms.
I see grand tombs to France's lesser dead.
Colossal steads, white pyramids, still red
At base with blood, still torn with shot and shell,
To testify that here the Commune fell;
And yet I turn once more from all of these,
And stand before the tomb of Eloise.

A Girl's Vengeance.

ETTA W. PIERCE,

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A BIRTH," "THE TANKARD OF BENEDETTI," "THE BIRTHMARK," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.—REUNITED.

ON the following morning Guy Hazelwood was too ill to leave his room; but two days after—as soon, in fact, as Doctor North would permit him to attempt the journey—he hurried to Hastings in search of Jacquita, and Mrs. Hazelwood went with him.

Influenced partly by Dolly, partly by her all-powerful love for her only son, Guy's mother had resigned herself to fate, and was now ready to make the best of the existing state of affairs. Guy had come back to her almost from death itself, and he was still too ill to be tormented with opposition of any kind. So Mrs. Hazelwood prepared to make herself agreeable to that wild, dreadful girl who had enslaved him so utterly—the divorced wife—the rejected daughter-in-law of five years before!

It was not difficult to find Jacquita. Before leaving the Bayswater villa, Guy had gleaned information enough from old Celeste to lead him directly to a pretty cottage on the marine parade at Hastings, where, in a tiny parlor fronting the sea, a small, sad figure was sitting alone in the sunset light, looking out upon the purple waters as they tumbled against the distant breakwater.

Guy Hazelwood knelt down at her side, with his pale, worn, luminous face uplifted in the red after-glow.

"I am free," he said, humbly. "Dare you attempt life with me again, Jacquita? Dare you put your happiness again into my hands? After all the misery I have made you, dare you give yourself to me once more? Oh, my darling, will you try again to love me?"

The tears arose and overspread her eyes. She looked at him—the idol to whom her wayward but ever faithful heart had clung with such tenacity—read his pale face in a breathless, intent way; then, with a cry of joy, cast herself into his arms.

"There is no need for me to try!" she murmured. "I could not, if I would, do otherwise than love you!"

Few hearts in this world ever have more than one fair opportunity of happiness; casting that away, they must be content to go through life hand-in-hand with regret; but this girl, more fortunate than others, had been mercifully granted a second chance. This time it would not escape her, for suffering had taught her wisdom. Through briary ways she had stumbled again upon life's greatest joy, and now she would hold it fast.

After a while, Guy lifted the small, pearl-face that was hidden on his breast, and smiled down into the great dark eyes.

"My mother is here also," he announced. "She has come to Hastings to see her former seamstress. Will you grant her an interview?"

Jacquita clung to him piteously.

"Oh, Guy! does she hate me?"

"No, darling, no. She wishes for nothing but my happiness; she will be kind to you, never fear."

Old Celeste—who had followed her mistress from Bayswater—opened the door at that moment, and announced Mrs. Hazelwood.

With a somewhat chilling air, Guy's mother stepped across the threshold into the presence of the young actress. Jacquita arose to meet her. She looked young enough—sad and lovely enough, with her pale face and great, wet, piteous eyes, to melt a heart of stone. For a moment Mrs. Hazelwood felt an odd thrill of pity and exasperation. The next she knew she had extended her arms involuntarily, and that slight girlish figure was in them, clinging by two soft arms around her neck.

"You extraordinary child!" muttered Mrs. Hazelwood, "it will take me years to comprehend you, I fear; but make my dear boy happy, and I will be satisfied. I'm afraid I blamed you too much in the old days—that I did not consider how young, how friendless, how utterly undisciplined you

were. Guy ought never to have concealed his marriage from me or the world. That was the real cause of all the evil. Well, my dear, I must make the future atone for any and all the injustice which I may have done you in the past."

And though Mrs. Hazelwood sighed when she thought of Dorothy, by these words she had established peace relations, true and abiding, with her son's dark-eyed wife.

Three weeks from that day Guy Hazelwood remarried his divorced life—the only woman he had ever loved, or ever could love. The wedding was solemnized in a quiet London church, at an unfashionably early hour. Stephen North gave the bride away. Mrs. Hazelwood was there—resigned, though somewhat sad. Dolly was there, pale and lovely, with a brave smile on her lips; only Doctor North guessed how her heart was aching that day. Captain Clive was there, gnawing his lip, as he watched the ceremony from an obscure corner of the church. Somehow the matter had got abroad, and, early as the hour was, many of Mademoiselle Fanchon's admirers could be seen in the pews and about the doors.

Home went the bridal party to the house in Berkeley Square, where a sumptuous wedding-breakfast was served. After that came the quiet farewells. Guy Hazelwood pressed Dolly's cold little hand in his own.

"God bless you, my dear cousin!" he said, fervently. "Some day you will be happy with a better man than I."

She smiled faintly and shook her head, then bent and kissed the bride and wished her joy, as gayly as if she had not seen the seal set that morning to the death-warrant of her own happiness.

Poor Dolly! All the while Stephen North was watching her covertly. It was he who stood by her side when the remarried pair rolled away from the door, amid a shower of rice and slippers; his low voice whispered in her ear, "You brave, noble girl!"—almost the only words, save simple courtesies, that he had addressed to her for days.

Then all was over. Guy Hazelwood and his bride, now for the second time, were on their way to the Continent. Doctor North had ordered his friend to the German baths, and from thence to Italy for the Winter, and the pair would be seen no more in England for many months.

Dolly and Mrs. Hazelwood went back to Hazel Hall. Business of importance detained Stephen North in London, consequently they were forced to return to the old house alone. Very dull and dreary the place seemed after the momentous events of the last few weeks; the calm which follows a tempest is sometimes worse than the tempest itself.

Dolly tried to interest herself in her music—in Mrs. Hazelwood's charity-school—in the parish poor—in a dozen different things that Mrs. Hazelwood held dear; but failed at each and all. She was no longer her bright, high-spirited self. She began to droop, and Mrs. Hazelwood saw it, in spite of the efforts which the girl made to conceal from her kind friend her languor, her listlessness, her utter lack of interest in life.

"My dear child," said Guy's mother, "how thin, how hollow-eyed you are growing! I must take you away. Our life here is very, very dull. Perhaps I had better write and consult Doctor North about you."

Dolly shook her head.

"I am not ill," she protested; "have no fear for me. I do not need Doctor North's advice—I do not want to leave the Hall."

"I am glad to hear you say that!" cried Mrs. Hazelwood; "for it tells me that you are really fond of the old place and of me. Remember you are to live with me always, Dolly—you are to be my daughter. Since Guy's marriage you have become doubly essential, doubly dear to me. I have many fine plans for your future, child!"

Dolly was toying with a cluster of roses that lay upon the lap of her mourning-dress. She did not lift her downcast eyes.

"I am grateful, very grateful for all your love and kindness, dear Mrs. Hazelwood," she answered, gravely; "but do not make any plans for me, please. I am in a prophetic mood; somehow I feel as if they never would be fulfilled."

Week after week dragged by. Autumn came. Guy and his bride were in Italy, from whence they wrote long letters to Mrs. Hazelwood, so eloquent of happiness and rest, so full of hope regarding Guy's complete recovery, that his mother's heart overflowed with thankfulness.

"At least, all is well with them," she said, to herself.

Doctor North was still a constant visitor at the Hall. Dolly's pallor and listlessness did not escape his keen eyes. He said little, but he watched her closely, as she wandered about the great Hall, in her trailing black garments, always with a languid step, and a far-away look in her brown eyes.

"What shall I do with her, Doctor Stephen?" said Mrs. Hazelwood, in despair.

"I know of but one remedy that will reach her case," answered Doctor North, dryly, "and that is—Time. Have patience with her—she will be herself again by-and-by."

One September morning, when the leaves in the Park were turning yellow, the London mail was brought into the breakfast-room of Hazel Hall, and duly distributed. To Dolly was given a letter from across the sea, superscribed in Aunt Prue's feeble, irregular hand. She walked away with it to the far end of the room. Stephen North retired into a window to examine a batch of American news, and Mrs. Hazelwood sank into a chair near him, absorbed in fresh tidings from her darling son. Neither of the two noticed Dolly, till, crossing the floor suddenly, she stood beside Mrs. Hazelwood and gently touched her shoulder.

"My dear, good friend," she said, in a firm, clear voice, "I must leave you; I must go back at once to America!"

Doctor North started. Mrs. Hazelwood dropped the sheet she was reading and sprang to her feet.

"What do you mean, Dolly?"

"Aunt Prue's sight is failing fast. She is ill and—poor. The bank where her money, and mine also, was invested is now no more. The doctors tell her that she will be totally blind. She needs me, and I must go to her. It is my imperative duty, and I cannot evade it."

"Oh, Dolly!" gasped Mrs. Hazelwood, "my dear, dear child, how can I give you up?"

The two rushed into each other's arms.

"I have had my holiday," sobbed Dolly. "I have been very happy with you—too happy, perhaps; and now I would be an ingrate, indeed, if I did not return to Aunt Prue. Who has she but me in all the world? Do not try to detain me, dear Mrs. Hazelwood. Hard as it is to part with you, I must go!"

"But alone!" murmured Mrs. Hazelwood, through her tears; "how can I let you go alone? Think of the journey—three thousand miles—a young creature like you! Oh, it's quite impossible!"

Doctor North moved quickly out of the window, and advanced towards the pair.

"If I can be of any service to Miss Hazelwood as an escort, command me," said he. "I shall sail for America in a few days. The business which brought me to Europe is completed. I shall be most happy to take charge of her on the homeward voyage."

"Oh, Doctor North!" groaned Mrs. Hazelwood, "speak to her—persuade her to stay with me. I will send aid to Miss Prue—I will do anything to keep Dolly here. Oh, must she go—must she leave me?"

"I think she must—I think she ought!" answered Doctor North, resolutely. "For weeks I have known that Miss Prue's case was hopeless. If Dolly is dear to you, she is doubly dear to that stricken old woman at Sea View. Do not detain her. It is not right—it is not kind!"

He spoke with such firmness and decision that even Mrs. Hazelwood was silenced. She pressed Dolly to her heart, kissed her and wept over her.

"I thought to keep you with me always," she sighed, "but Doctor Stephen knows best. I will not stand in the way of your duty, my dear child."

It was the way of her duty, and Dolly knew it. She meant to walk in it, too, without faltering. No aid would she accept from Mrs. Hazelwood. She had money enough for her immediate needs, and all help for her own future, and Aunt Prue's alike, she declined tearfully, thankfully, but firmly.

"It is time that I began to depend wholly upon myself," she said.

For one long, enchanted year Dolly had played the princess; but now the spell was broken, and Cinderella must go back to her rags again. In her hour of sad renunciation, when the new life must be put away and the old assumed again, none was left to her out of all the friends who had flattered, admired and fawned upon her, save the man to whom the Hazelwood race already owed so much—Stephen North.

One week later, in fog and storm and desolation, a transatlantic steamer left Liverpool for Boston, and on her deck stood Dolly Hazelwood, in the fast gathering night, her gloved hand resting on Doctor Stephen's arm, her tear-dimmed eyes turned backward in mute farewell to that receding land where for one brief twelvemonth she had triumphed and enjoyed and suffered.

(To be continued.)

THE GUBERNATORIAL CONTEST IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT THE STATE CAPITAL.

COLUMBIA, the capital city of South Carolina, is situated on the east bank of the Congaree River, and is one hundred miles northwest of Charleston. It occupies a plain some two hundred feet above the bed of the river, and before the Civil War was one of the handsomest places of the South. It was laid out in regular squares, well built, with streets one hundred feet wide, and covered an extent each way of more than two miles. The streets are abundantly shaded, and there are many splendid drives in the suburbs.

The new State House, of which we have already given illustrations, is built of granite, occupies an eminence in the centre of the city, and, although unfinished, it has been covered with a temporary roof, and the greater portion is in daily use. Up to the present time it has cost about \$3,500,000, and about \$500,000 will be required to complete it. A new City Hall is in process of construction, which will be of brick, three stories in height, with a mansard roof and a tower at each end. Besides containing offices for the city authorities, it will have an opera-house capable of seating 1,500 people.

The city has a vast water-power. Canals were constructed at an early date among the falls to improve the navigation of the river, and were sold by the State to Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, in 1868. In the vicinity of the city are forests of yellow pine, oak, walnut, maple, poplar, etc., which yield material for about twenty saw-mills. Excellent granite exists within the city limits, and is used in the construction of the public buildings.

Columbia became the capital of the State in 1790, under an Act of the Legislature of March 22d, 1786, which provided for the founding of the city. In February, 1865, the city was entered by the forces under General Sherman. Shortly before this time a large amount of cotton had been taken from the warehouses and piled in the streets, preparatory to removing it from the city and burning it, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Federals. While the Confederates were evacuating the city this cotton was fired, and with it 84 out of 124 blocks of buildings, covering the business portion, were entirely destroyed.

Our illustration is taken from the roof of a building on Arsenal Hill, the highest point near the city, looking south. The large building to the extreme left is the new United States Court House and Post Office. The tower in the foreground is an old and dilapidated bellry.

The Congressional Investigating Committee held their sessions in the Wheeler House, and our artist has given us a sketch, full of portraits, of one of the meetings. General Banks is seen seated at the table, reading from a document, while Mr. Boyles, the stenographer, is taking down his comments. On the right of the reporter is Mr. Lawrence, of Ohio; next to him is Mr. Eden, of Kentucky. Milton Saylor, of Ohio, one of the recent candidates for Speaker of the House, sits directly opposite the reporter; Mr. Lapham, of New York, is at his left, at the corner of the table; while behind him are Messrs. Barr and McCormick,

assistant Sergeant-at-arms. The gentlemen to the left of General Banks, leaning back in his chair, is John P. Phillips, of Missouri, and on his left is Josiah G. Abbott, of Massachusetts. Mr. Cochran, of Pennsylvania, is on the left of Mr. Lapham, with cheek resting on right hand.

On Thursday, December 7th, the Republican Legislature passed a Bill authorizing any qualified officer to administer the oath to the Governor. The action was deemed necessary because the Chief Justice, refusing to recognize Chamberlain as the Governor-elect, would not swear him in. Shortly after noon the Republican members of the Senate marched to the House, when Probate-Judge Boone swore Chamberlain in as Governor. The ceremony of inauguration was witnessed by few people, except the Senate and House, as orders had been issued to keep the hall clear of all outsiders. The swearing-in and delivery of the inaugural address occupied little time, and the whole ceremony was over before any one on the streets knew of it.

On the afternoon of Thursday, 14th, General Wade Hampton was inaugurated Governor, the oath being administered by Judge Mackey. The ceremony took place in front of Carolina Hall, and was witnessed by an immense body of spectators, not only the square but the adjoining streets and the neighboring house-tops being crowded. At 3:30 p. m. General Hampton was escorted to the stand amid demonstrations of great enthusiasm. The members of the General Assembly occupied the space immediately surrounding the stand, with the crowd in the rear. General Hampton read his inaugural address, which was hailed by the people with hearty demonstrations of approval. Cannons were fired, and for an hour the General had to submit to the inevitable handshaking. Then, the formal exercises being over, he was taken from the platform and borne on the shoulders of the multitude to the Wheeler House, where the Congressional Committee were in session, and in front of which, in the evening, a meeting was held and a number of speeches delivered.

Governor Chamberlain has been established in a private parlor in the State House for several weeks, and to him General Ruger, commanding the United States troops in the city, reports in person every morning, usually accompanied by an adjutant. E. M. Mackey, Speaker of the Republican House, is seen standing by the stove. Carolina Hall, of which the public has read so much, on account of its having been taken by the Democratic House as headquarters, is an old brick building of very modest appearance.

The iron palmetto-tree, which stands in front of the State House, is to Columbia what the Clay statue is to New Orleans, a favorite rendezvous for newsmongers, politicians and negroes. The tree is painted in a perfect imitation, even to the stringy ends of the leaves.

PAPAL EXHIBIT AT THE CENTENNIAL.

THE contributions of the Pope to the attractions of the Centennial Exhibition were placed in Gallery K, Memorial Hall. They were invested with peculiar interest, owing to their rare beauty and great antiquity. The artists of the several pieces are unknown. First in the exhibit were specimens of flowers in mosaic, of most wonderful workmanship and brilliancy. The mosaic of a Madonna, after Sasso-Ferrato, reminded the spectator of the delicacy and sweetness displayed by the Caracci, whose style was closely followed by Sasso. This Italian painter died in Rome, in 1605. He painted landscapes, sacred portraits, and more rarely historical pieces. There are many of his best works in the Berlin Museum at the present time.

Near this mosaic was one of Raphael's *Madonna del Seggiola*, which is now at the Pitti Palace in Florence. It is regarded as the most lovely of the numerous Madonnas and Holy Families produced by Raphael during his residence at Rome. Art connoisseurs are familiar with its excellencies from the many engravings that have been made from it. There were also an elegant piece of tapestry, representing the martyrdom of St. Agnes, taken from the collection at the Vatican. It is related in ecclesiastical traditions that this lady, descended from a noble Roman family, was beheaded during the persecution of Diocletian in 303. She was a woman of marvelous beauty, and perished in her sixteenth year. The poet Keats wrote one of his sweetest and most popular pieces upon her brief career and unfortunate death. This tapestry, unlike many by Raphael in the Vatican, was in good condition, the figures clearly defined, and the colors mellow, but pronounced.

THE CENTENNIAL CHIMES.

DURING the entire Exposition—at sunrise, noon and sunset—thrice each day, were the Centennial Grounds enlivened with a chime of merry bells in the northeastern tower of Machinery Hall. Their music was heard at other times also, just as the operator, Professor F. Widdows, who carries a huge silver bell on his watch-chain, took the notion. He formerly had charge of the chimes of the Metropolitan Church in Washington. The Centennial bells were thirteen in number, representing the original States. Their aggregate weight was 21,000 pounds—that of the largest being 3,600, and the smallest 350. They were cast by McShane & Co., of Baltimore, and were claimed to be the finest in the country. The bells were immovably suspended from an immense horizontal square frame on the topmost floor of the tower; each bell had two hammers, one heavy and the other light; the latter, being muffled, was to cause a soft tone. Below the centre of the frame were twenty-six triangular levers, pivoted at one angle, so that a pull or depression on the outer arm caused the hammer attached to the other arm to strike the bell. These outer arms were connected by means of long elastic strips of wood running through the ceiling to the operating apparatus, which was directly beneath the bells in the floor below. On the operating floor there was a frame containing two sets of levers which looked and worked like pump-handles. The upper set contained thirteen levers, which operated the muffled hammers. The lower contained the same number, which worked the heavy ones. To prevent too much stiffness, the wooden strips, twenty-six in number, were connected with the triangular levers above, and with the "pump" handles below by means of leather straps. The latter levers were operated by hand, but, if desired, they could be disconnected from the upright straps, and these fastened with long straps to a set of thirteen pedals at the bottom of the frame.

Professor Widdows had no less than one thousand pieces in his repertoire, but he trusted far more to the merits of his bells than to his own accomplish-

ments. Visitors were wont to crowd to the best stations for hearing the chimes, and even to the belfry wherein Professor Widdows manipulated the bells so as to cheer and gratify the thousands who were content to linger about the grounds.

A NOTABLE PICTURE COLLECTION.

SEVERAL occurrences in New York and elsewhere during the past few months have borne eloquent testimony to the fact that, in the wreck of private fortunes, the only imperishable possessions are valuable pictures. This fact has been specially proven by numerous important sales of choice private collections, on which the owners have realized with interest their investment of previous years. The best interest on their investment has been the immeasurable enjoyment derived from their possession, which is priceless and can never be wholly lost. The pictures may be resigned in days of adversity, but their influence remains in the life of the once fortunate possessor. Although, as has sometimes been the case, he may have depended on the intelligent and discriminating taste and cultured judgment of another in the selection, he still has gained much from their possession and acquaintance. They have beautified his home, improved his taste, and furnished the highest entertainment to his friends; their value being all the while enhanced by association. To see and feel a friend's enjoyment of one's pictures must certainly increase one's own. And there is no more delightful means of intercourse between friends than they afford. True pictures are like true friends, the earlier found and longer known, the dearer they become; and, if lost to sight, they yet remain to memory dear. Mr. John Taylor Johnston's well-known collection in this city is the fruitage of his own taste and culture. He has selected the pictures with affectionate appreciation of art. He was wealthy by inheritance, and doubtless he expected, in making his collection, to enjoy its possession to the end of his days, and leave it a perpetual legacy to his family. The necessity which now impels him to resign his art-treasures is not his own fault. Making investments in railroad stock, which, doubtless, he considered as secure from peril as his investment in art, he shares the common fate of disaster in these turbulent times. Perhaps, had he been less honorable, he might have saved himself at the cost of others; but that his intentions are fair and noble is shown by his bravery in meeting his reverses. Mr. Johnston has the public sympathy in his losses, in acknowledgment of the generous and public-spirited manner in which he has conducted his operations. In art matters, his liberality has long been acknowledged by artists and by the public. His gallery was at all times accessible to artists for study, and it was opened for weekly exhibition, by card, during the winter months, with a liberality that admitted all reputable persons. To the profession, Mr. Johnston extended special hospitality in an annual reception, to which even the most obscure were invited. Such generous means of art culture, and encouragement to the guild, will be sadly missed. The dispersion of the collection will be a public loss, which we wish might be averted by its purchase intact by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Probably that institution would be better able to buy the collection if the latter were not Mr. Johnston's; that is, had he not met with reverses, he would be the first to act in the interests of the Museum, for which, as president, and one of its originators, he has labored faithfully; and, with his characteristic generosity, many of his pictures were exhibited at the Museum during the summer, as part of the "Loan Exhibition." It is quite within the name of possibility that Mr. Johnston intended to bequeath his collection to the Museum at his death.

Doubtless the pictures will be scattered from New York to San Francisco. An opportunity as rare as this for securing the most choice works has attracted buyers from all directions since the first announcement of the sale. The collection contains one hundred and ninety-one oil-paintings, one hundred and thirty-one water-colors and drawings, and three pieces of marble statuary, all of which are to be sold at auction during the week in which this paper appears before the public. The sale was announced to begin on December 19th, and since December 1st the collection has been exhibited at the Academy of Design, forming the most interesting art feature in the city. It comprises the best works of modern masters, and some of the titles are worthy of recapitulation. Turner's "Slave Ship," which Ruskin said was his greatest picture, will be an object of contest at the sale. Also Gérôme's "Death of Caesar," his best picture in this country, if not in Europe. Two gems of Meissonnier, in one of which, "Soldiers at Cards," he surpasses himself, will, doubtless, be the objects of close competition and high bids. Washington Allston's "Spalato's Vision of the Bloody Hand," Glyve's "Young Roman's Bath," Madrazo's "Two Confessors," Casot's "Path through the Woods," Bougereau's "Blowing Bubbles," Escosura's "Quarrel of the Peta," Diaz's "Forest at Fontainebleau," are among the prominently attractive, if there are any such where all are desirable. Schreyer is finely represented by two superb pictures, of very different scenes and actions, "Arabs Retreating," in which horse-nerve is at the highest tension, and "Wallachian Peasants Crossing a Ford," in which horseflesh, in patient subjection to toil, is painted with touching pathos. Van Marcke's two cattle-pieces, especially "The Herd of Cattle," are of his best, the latter being one of the most desirable pictures in the collection. Among the pictures of grand size are Church's "Niagara," and "Twilight in the Wilderness," his two best works; Cole's "Voyage of Life," Müller's "Roll Call in the Reign of Terror," Benezar's "Arrest of the Prince of Hungary." Beside the above-named American pictures, there are fine representations of most of our leading artists, in both oil and water-colors. Foreign artists in water-colors are also well represented. Story's "Cleopatra," a noble work, is the most attractive piece of statuary.

THE PRESENT CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF LIFE INSURANCE.

IT is not necessary at this day to argue the benefits of life insurance. The merits of this method of providing against the uncertainties of health and the perils of business are universally admitted. The experiences of the last fifty years have abundantly proved that there is no such certain and safe means of guarding a household from the train of disasters that often follow the death of its head. In this day the question is merely as to the comparative soundness of the various companies and

their manner of conducting their business. This question has been considerably agitated during the past five years because of the failure of several of the younger companies and the reported unsoundness of others. Rumor, as usual, has acted unjustly in not saying that the failures had been confined to corporations of a recent origin, and that the old and well-known companies stood upon a financial basis that was really impregnable. The speculative spirit that was engendered by the late war was felt in insurance circles as well as in other quarters. Companies were started that took heavy risks, paid unprecedented commissions to agents, made poor investments, declared large dividends at the outset, and thus exposed themselves to chances that older organizations declined to take. In some cases expensive offices were fitted up, large rents and salaries were paid, and extensive liabilities were incurred before it was known whether the business was such as to warrant the expenditure. Even before the hard times came these unwise proceedings had borne such fruit as might have been expected, and some of the most speculative companies went into liquidation. The panic precipitated matters in other cases with a like result. On some accounts this was not to be regretted, since, after the wreck was cleared away, it revealed the secure position in which the older companies stood. Even in the disaster that befell some of the insurance corporations, however, it must not be forgotten that the policy-holders have in no case been the losers. This is a vital point for all who are insured or are seeking insurance to remember. The laws of nearly all the States protect the policy-holder by requiring the insurance company to place in the hands of the authorities such a cash deposit as will prove an absolute safeguard against loss on his part. The investment of the person who is insured can therefore never be put in peril.

It is probable that never within the history of life insurance have there been such determined efforts on the part of managers to strengthen and perfect their companies as are manifest at the present time. They have seen the evils wrought by mismanagement, incompetency and recklessness, and have placed around their business and its agents any safeguard that prudence could suggest. In the older companies the management has been as perfect as could reasonably have been expected, and their ability to meet their obligations as they mature is undoubted. It is this bright side to life insurance which has restored the public confidence which is essential to the successful prosecution of business. It is easy to discover the sound companies. Their books lie open to the inspection of the officials of the State and of the public. In fact, they court investigation. Recently the officers of the United States Life Insurance Company, a well-known organization, which commenced business in 1850, and has evinced a wise economy as well as great energy in its management, asked of the Hon. Wm. Smyth, Acting Superintendent of the Insurance Department of this State, that he would make a thorough examination of their books. To this end, Mr. Smyth, on the 13th of November, appointed the Hon. John A. McCall, Jr., the Deputy Superintendent of Insurance, and Seymour M. Ballard, Esq., of Albany, to examine into the affairs of the company, and make a full report in writing as to its true condition. Their report is published elsewhere, and it is a most complete guarantee, not only of the pecuniary soundness of the company, but of the ability, integrity and success of the officers. The aggregate total assets of the company by this showing are \$4,786,937.29. Of this amount, \$2,660,707.19 are in bonds and mortgages, first liens, and \$1,515,625.35 are in stocks and bonds owned. The examiners certify to the correctness of these figures and the soundness of the assets. The total liabilities of the company are \$3,990,095.22, leaving a surplus as regards policy-holders of \$796,842.07. This admirable showing reflects great credit on those who have had control of the affairs of the United States Company, and indeed their prudence and skill are everywhere highly extolled in insurance circles. The commissioners who made the examination add to this very flattering report the complete schedules of premium loans; mortgage lists and detailed lists of all assets are on file at Albany, bearing evidence that their part of the work was done exhaustively. The result of this investigation cannot but be of great benefit to the company, and is certainly most satisfactory to the large army of its policy-holders. The United States Life Insurance Company stands, beyond dispute, in the very front rank of similar organizations.

A comparison of the figures of the various life insurance companies is always of interest to the public, and will always be cheerfully invited by safe and honorable companies. These companies always court all proper investigation, and a disposition to such examination is a good guide for those seeking to effect insurance. It will be seen by the above figures that the ratio of assets to liabilities in the United States Life Insurance Company is \$1.20. In a list of 42 companies tabulated in the Massachusetts Life Insurance report for 1876, this ratio is reached by only nine companies. The report of policies issued again shows that a safe business was done, following the example of all the older companies in not pushing matters too far in troublous financial times. The number of policies issued last year was 2,508, and the amount \$4,987,700. During the same period 2,482 terminated, leaving the number of policies in force at the beginning of the year at 10,692. During the same time the New England Mutual issued 1,925 policies, and terminated 1,925; the Connecticut Mutual issued 5,970 and terminated 5,077, and the reliable companies of this city pursued much the same course. In 1875 the ratio of deaths to the mean number of policies in the United States Company was 1.18. The ratio for that year in the New England Mutual was 1.19, and in the Connecticut Mutual 1.37. In one of our city companies it reached as high as 2.01. If space permitted the comparison might be carried out in other lines with similarly satisfactory results.

It will be readily seen that while the volume of business in life insurance was temporarily checked by the wreck of certain mismanaged companies, the reaction that is likely to follow will more than make up for any time that has been lost. A thorough examination of all the companies is the natural sequence of public distrust, and this will only be shunned by those who have something to fear. Old and honorable companies, like the United States Life Insurance Company, have everything to gain, and nothing to fear, in a searching investigation, and the publication of the results. The consequence of such a report as that just made by Messrs. McCall and Ballard to the Insurance Department of Albany, will be to secure to the company all the business they care to undertake. Moreover, it has the good result of restoring public confidence in a financial scheme which is certainly the best that has yet been discovered for providing against the destitution that death too often brings to the homes of those who have no fortunes to bequeath.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Geological Map of the Baltic Provinces.—A second edition of the geological map of the Baltic Provinces of Russia, prepared by Professor Grewinsky, will be shortly published. In it will be embodied all the information acquired in this department during the last fifteen years.

Explosiveness of Frozen Nitro-Glycerine.—Mr. Beckerheim, of the Vienna Academy, has recently proved, by experiment, that frozen nitro-glycerine was more difficult to explode than the liquid. A block of wrought-iron, in falling two and a half feet, exploded the liquid, while the same block required to fall seven feet to act upon the ice. The specific gravity of the frozen nitro-glycerine is given as 1.735, and of the liquid at 1.599.

Cyclone in India.—Backergunge, a British district in the Bengal Presidency, near the mouth of the Ganges, in latitude 22 deg., was visited on the 1st of November by a destructive cyclone. The whole district was terribly ravaged, and thousands of native houses were destroyed. One town was submerged by a tidal wave which swept away all the buildings of the place. Many thousand persons are believed to have perished.

Artificial Stone from Furnace Cinders.—Building stone is manufactured from furnace slags on a large scale at Osnabruck, Germany. One establishment delivered 6,000,000 bricks during the last year. The artificial stone is valuable for ventilation, as it permits four times as much air to pass as ordinary building stone; it also requires twenty times as long to saturate the stone with moisture as it does bricks baked from clay. The strength and durability of the slag stone is also equal to any natural rock employed in building.

The Royal Geographical Society.—The Royal Geographical Society of London now contains 3,199 members, and is able, by its wealth and numbers, to exert a controlling influence upon projected explorations of distant and unknown regions. Under the influence of this society, geography and exploration have assumed a much more scientific aspect than ever they had before; no traveler can now obtain distinction by mere topographical detail and descriptive power; his explorations must be conducted on a thoroughly scientific basis.

Improvement of Wild Fruits.—Professor Asa Gray believes that many native wild fruits can be developed to advantage. Wild chestnuts are already sweeter than those in Europe, and could be brought up to treble their present size. If we were not so easily satisfied with a mere choice between spontaneous hickory-nuts, we might have much better and thinner shelled ones. Butternuts and black walnuts can have their excess of oil converted into farinaceous and sweet principles until they would be preferable to the English walnut. There are many other fruits and nuts which could be tried to advantage.

Do Plants Absorb Diatoms?—Professor John Phin, in the *American Journal of Microscopy*, denies that plants can absorb diatoms. The specimens pictured by Professor Wilson were said to have been passed through a bath of nitric acid, and yet the figures displayed the pustules, which could only exist in the living organism; and for the diatoms to have withstood the action of a bath of aqua fortis, Dr. Phin thinks, "would have been almost as great a miracle as the passing of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego unscathed through the fiery furnace of Nebuchadnezzar." The wheat straw which Professor Wilson reported as containing diatoms was grown on land which had been treated with infusorial earth. Further results appear to be necessary to settle the question.

Spontaneous Ignition of Lampblack.—Within three years three lampblack factories in Massachusetts have been destroyed by fire. Perspiration from the hand, a drop of water, a bit of grease, or a sprinkle of oil, will create the combustion, which will start the lampblack aglow like charcoal, and so ignite the package. In lampblack factories, while great precaution is taken to prevent fires, a rainy or sharp, frosty day will start a dampness upon the inside of a window-pane, and the flying particles of dust lighting upon this creates a spark which, communicating with the pile, sends a glow of fire with wonderful rapidity through the building. In cleaning up the smoke-galleries, if the men let a drop of perspiration fall into a pile, they instantly scoop up the lampblack in and about where it lodges, and carry it out of the building.

Practical Work in Physics.—The feeling that physics ought to be taught practically in laboratories is everywhere gaining ground. At the University College, in England, larger development than before is given to the practical work of students in connection with the classes of mathematics, physics and engineering, in workrooms especially adapted to the purpose, and placed under a special teacher. The young and talented professor of physics at Amherst College, Dr. Root, is also proceeding in the same direction, and insists upon a certain portion of time being devoted to practice in the laboratory. It would scarcely be possible to insist too strongly on the usefulness, or, rather, on the absolute necessity of such work for the successful study of science. This fact has long since been recognized in chemistry, and why not in physics, mathematics and engineering?

A New Spectroscope.—Professor A. K. Eaton, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has invented a direct vision spectro-scope which appears to excel anything of the kind previously known. The arrangement is such, that by looking through one end the spectrum appears to be twice as long as can be obtained with a glass prism, and when viewed through the other end, it is at least six times the usual length. With the ordinary arrangement of slit, collimator and observing telescope, the nickel line between the two D lines is clearly seen. The instrument may also be used for projections on a screen, and being direct vision saves much trouble in arranging. By a very ingenious device Professor Eaton does away with the third tube used for the scale, by placing just behind the eye-piece a piece of glass with a scale photographed on the edge. The new instrument consists of a crown glass prism cemented on a cell filled with carbon disulphide, and the light can be admitted through a slit at either end according to the length of the spectrum desired.

Paris Exhibition of 1878.—M. Krantz, the Commissioner-General, has addressed a note to the Minister of Agriculture in reference to the Advisory Committee for French exhibitors, in which he says that this committee will be charged with the duty of deciding upon the admission of exhibitors, of encouraging the halting to come forward with their goods, and determining all questions of installation in such a way that uniformity will prevail in every department. The letter contains a list of the persons who have been invited to serve on the committee. There are ninety classes into which the articles to be exhibited are to be classified, and each class will be represented on the committee by from five to twenty-five members. The list published by the Commissioner-General contains the names of the most distinguished citizens of France drawn from every department. Among others in the domain of science we notice the following: Milne Edwards, Claude Bernard, Le Verrier, Pasteur, Becquerel, Berthelot, Janssen, Peligot, Wurtz, Jannin, Paye, Tresca, Simonin, Friedel, Malte-Brun and Tissandier. In fact, nearly every man of letters, science, and art in Paris of whom the world has heard will help to make the Exhibition of Paris in 1878 a success.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

DON CARLOS has gone to Vienna, to spend a month with the Emperor.

THE infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh has received the name of Victoria.

MR. SCHUYLER has gone to Philippopolis, to be present at the trial of Chevet Pasha for atrocities in Bulgaria.

SMITH T. VAN BUREN, who was the only surviving son of Ex-President Martin Van Buren, died at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the 11th, aged sixty years.

THE Grand Duke Nicholas occupies the Hartsel House in Kishenev, the same in which he and his brother Michael were quartered during the Crimean War.

THE late sickness of Governor Fairbanks seems to be the result of hard work and a chronic throat trouble. The doctors insist on his going to a milder climate.

A COMMITTEE has been formed to raise a fund for the benefit of the family of the late Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, the distinguished Assyrian scholar.

HON. W. S. KING, of Minneapolis, has the best flock of long-wooled sheep in the United States. It now numbers two hundred, all bred from English prize animals.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON, of the Ann Arbor University, Michigan, is rumored, has received an offer of \$4,000 a year to teach in the Imperial Palace in China.

PREVIOUS to the war General Thomas H. Ruger was an attorney at Janesville, Wis. He entered the army as major of the Thirtieth Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry.

MISS FOLEY, the sculptor, has written from Rome that prolonged sickness will prevent her from undertaking a bust of Mary Lyon, the devoted founder of Mount Holyoke Seminary.

MR. ALBERT GRANT, who is somewhat famous in connection with Emma Mine matters, has passed a preliminary examination for the Bar in London, and applied to be admitted a student of Gray's Inn.

VISCOUNT STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday. The venerable peer is in the enjoyment of all his faculties, and takes an active interest in the great questions of the day.

MRS. COLEMAN, the daughter of John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, and the translator of the Mubisch novels, is a tall, majestic person, strikingly like her distinguished father in feature. She lives in Washington.

EDWIN FLYE, the successor of Senator Blaine in the House, is physically in striking contrast with his predecessor. He is small in stature, being but a few inches above five feet in height. He looks to be over fifty years of age, and has a goodly sprinkling of gray hair.

THE maternal offices of the Rev. Mrs. Phebe Hunsford are of a more extended nature than usually fall to the lot of mothers. First she ordained her son to the Universalist ministry, and lately the reverend mother has had the satisfaction of administering the marriage rite to her daughter.

IT has fallen to Lord Cairns, the present Lord Chancellor of England, to appoint six Judges of the High Court of Judicature, at salaries of \$25,000 a year, and four of those he selected were political opponents. Lord Cairns is a Northern Irishman, and graduated at Trinity College, Dublin.

THE Boston University Women's Education Society, headed by Mrs. William Claflin, has just been organized to give young women, through loans and scholarships, the same opportunities for the highest education as young men. About \$40,000 are to be placed in the hands of the association.

MISS LYDIA PRISCILLA SELLOX, one of the earliest promoters of sisterhoods in the Church of England, died a fortnight ago. It is about thirty years since she undertook the work now associated with such institutions—namely, nursing the sick, and organizing schools for poor and destitute children.

SECRETARY CAMERON is reported engaged to a very beautiful young lady of Washington, who only enters the society of the capital this season. She is "much above the average height, with that rich olive complexion supposed to be only perfected under Italian skies; her large brown eyes are full of intelligence, merriment and dignity."

QUEEN VICTORIA goes walking in a short, dark serge petticoat; the heels of her boots are not half an inch high, the soles are broad and thick, and they are never blacked. She always welcomes news of the people, improvements in their manners, their health and their appearance. She declares that visiting her humble subjects is better than going to the play.

M. GARNIER, the architect of the new Paris Opera House, says that a theatre should look gayier than other buildings, "just as a woman at a ball should have a more engaging air than a Maritana washing kettles." "If ever," he adds, "I should build a penitentiary, I assure you I would make a façade so dismal that it should be less and to be in the building than to look at the outside of it."

PELEG SPRAGUE, formerly for many years Representative and Senator in Congress from Maine, and subsequently Judge of the United States District Court of Massachusetts, now lives in Boston, and is totally blind. He is the last survivor of the memorable Senate of 1830, among whose members were Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Wright, Hayne, Grundy, Marcy, Ewing, King, Clayton, Tazewell and Tyler.

GOVERNOR LAFAYETTE GROVER, of Oregon, is a son of the late Dr. John Grover, of Bethel, Me., for many years a well-known and influential Democrat of this State. In 1850, soon after his graduation from Bowdoin College, he emigrated to the (then) Territory of Oregon, and, after serving several years in the Territorial Legislature, was its first representative in Congress after its admission into the Union. He is now serving his second term as Governor, and will take his seat in the United States Senate as Senator for the long term commencing on the 4th of March next.

JACOB NUNNEMACHER, the butcher millionaire of Milwaukee, is dead. He was born in Switzerland, emigrated to this country in 1842, settled in Milwaukee, and opened a meat-shop. Years before he relinquished his calling he engaged in the distilling business in the town of Lake, and, like Midas of old, all he touched turned into gold. The Opera House, the Grand Central Hotel, and the buildings on both sides of Oneida Street, from East Water Street to the bridge, belonged to him, and 1,400 acres of land in the suburbs of the city, and his property increased from year to year under his careful husbandry.



THE MILITARY OCCUPATION OF THE CITY OF COLUMBIA—GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN RECEIVING A MORNING VISIT FROM GENERAL RUGER.

HON. JEROME B. CHAFFEE.

JEROME B. CHAFFEE, who represented the Territory of Colorado in the last Congress, and was returned this year as United States Senator from the new State, is a native of Niagara County, N. Y., where he was born, April 17th, 1825. He received an academic education, and

upon graduating entered commercial life, following its gradations until he became a banker. On removing into Colorado, in 1860, he settled at Denver, where he carried on the banking business, besides being largely interested in mining operations. His political career began in 1860, when, as a Republican, he ran for the Territorial Legislature. He was elected, and also returned to the

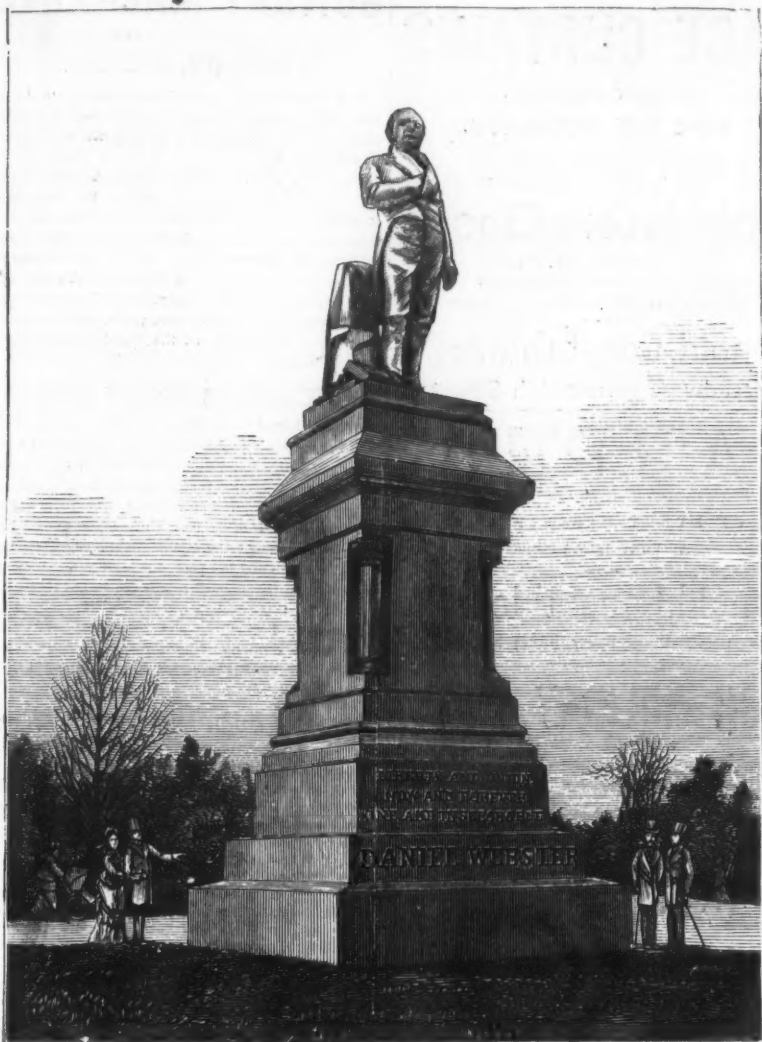
two succeeding sessions. He achieved marked popularity, and was Speaker of the House one session. In 1865, when a proposition was made to admit Colorado as a State, he was elected by the Legislature to the United States Senate. He was elected to the Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses, receiving in the latter 7,596 votes, against 6,260 for A. C. Hunt, Liberal Republican. He was

the conspicuous figure in fighting McCook's confirmation as Governor of Colorado in 1874; and his persistency caused it to hang fire for six months, when McCook succeeded by a close shave. Mr. Chaffee introduced and pushed through the Bill by which the Ute Indian Reservation was ceded to the Government, to which the San Juan mining region, with its thrifty settlements and its popula-



CAROLINA HALL, COLUMBIA, THE PLACE OF MEETING OF THE PRESENT DEMOCRATIC LEGISLATURE.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—THE CONTESTED NOVEMBER ELECTION—SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE CITY OF COLUMBIA.—FROM SKETCHES BY HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 283.



NEW YORK CITY.—BRONZE STATUE OF DANIEL WEBSTER, UNVAILED IN THE CENTRAL PARK, NOVEMBER 25TH

tion of 10,000, owes its existence. He was the author of the Bill giving the Territories representation in the Committee on Territories in the Lower House of Congress, by which they obtained a voice and influence never before enjoyed. He is not a speechmaker, but is a persistent worker, and one of the most successful business men and politicians in the new West. His associate, Henry M. Teller, is also a native of New York State.

THE WEBSTER STATUE, CENTRAL PARK

A LARGE bronze statue of Daniel Webster mounted on a granite pedestal standing on the left of the main carriage-drive leading from the north end of the Mall towards Eighth Avenue, Central Park, was formally presented to the City of

New York by Gordon W. Burnham, Esq., on Saturday afternoon, November 25th. Two spacious platforms, one on either side of the base of the pedestal, had been constructed and entirely covered with flags. One was occupied by the Mayor, Park Commissioners, and other city officials, the donor, and the orators. The other was occupied by a band of music. Seats had been provided for about two thousand five hundred persons, all facing the statue. Mr. Burnham was introduced by the President of the Park Commissioners, Mr. Martin, and tendered his gift to the city. Mayor Wickham accepted the statue in the name of the City of New York, and Mr. Evarts followed with an admirable oration. Robert C. Winthrop, in the succeeding address, said that his recollection of Mr. Webster reached back to a distant day. He had listened to him in 1824, when he laid the corner-stone of the monument on Bunker Hill, in the presence of Lafayette. In 1828 he entered Mr. Webster's office as a law student. From 1840 to 1850 he was associated with him in Congress, and he succeeded him in the Senate when Mr. Webster entered the Cabinet of President Fillmore.

The statue was modeled by Thomas Ball, an American, at Florence, and cast by Müller, at Munich. It is fourteen feet high and weighs six tons. The pedestal is of Quincy granite, weighs one hundred and nineteen tons, and is twenty feet high, so that the total height of the statue above the ground is thirty-four feet. On the face of the pedestal is the following inscription:

"LIBERTY AND UNION,
NOW AND FOREVER,
ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Mr. Webster is represented as clothed in the customary habit of his time—swallow-tail coat and high collar. His right hand is thrust into his bosom, the other hanging naturally by the side. On one side is a cloak, as if just thrown off, and at his feet are some books and documents.

In the evening Mr. Burnham entertained a party of four hundred gentlemen at his residence on Fifth Avenue, when, after the supper, there was a

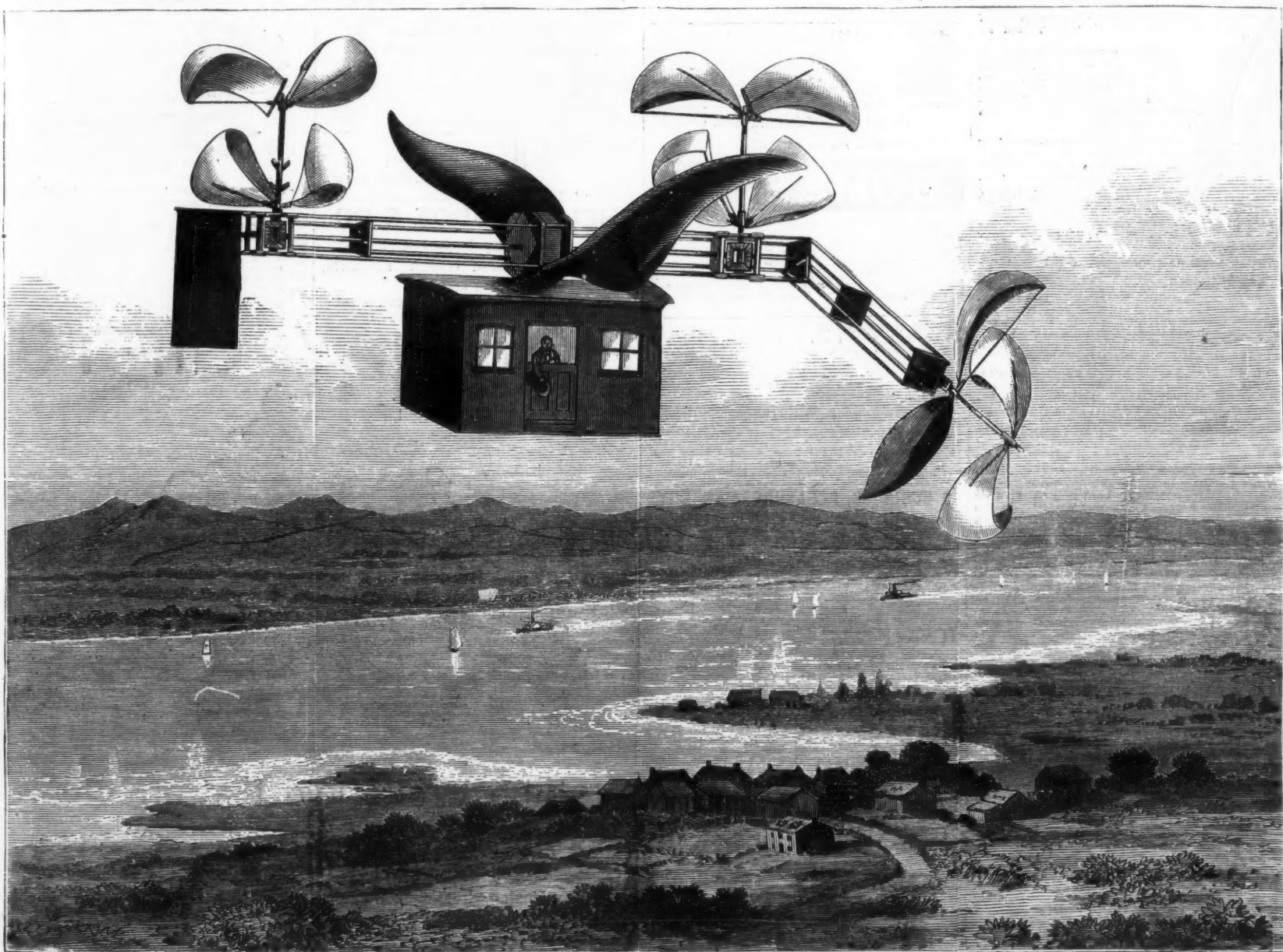
general discussion of the subject of the afternoon's ceremony. Governors, Senators, eminent divines, prominent practitioners of law and medicine, and celebrities in nearly every department of art, passed and repassed, elbowed each other here and there, and conversed in odd nooks and corners.



THE HON. JEROME B. CHAFFEE, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM COLORADO. PHOTOGRAPHED BY FERRY & BOLAN, DENVER, COL.

LEWIS'S NEW FLYING MACHINE.

MR. W. J. LEWIS, of New York City, has invented a flying-machine, which scientific gentlemen pronounce a decided wonder, and which is the forerunner of an apparatus with which he promises to attain a speed through the air of at least one hundred miles an hour. It consists of a tubular frame, 4½ feet long, in form of an obtuse angle, with plates or braces for holding it together. The long or horizontal part of the frame is 3 feet 3 inches in height, in which are situated two propellers for lifting, and the shorter part bending downwards from the long or horizontal part, is 18 inches in length, including the propeller at the rear end, which is used for driving the machine forward. In



NEW YORK CITY.—MODERN AEROSTATICS.—A NEW AERIAL MACHINE, INVENTED BY W. J. LEWIS.

the centre of the horizontal part is situated a spring, which is the motive power. Running through the entire length of the frame is a shaft, connecting with and communicating the power to the different propellers. The shaft of the rear propeller is connected with the main shaft by a universal joint. The propellers are right and left-handed, the flanges or blades, of which there are four to each propeller, are concave-convex in form. Each one is set in motion by four beveled wheels, which are connected with the shafts, and therefore the motion is simultaneous.

Situated near the centre of gravity are a pair of movable planes, slightly convex-concave, one on either side, which are used to guide the machine up or down. In the front is a rudder, to give a right or left motion. The motive power of the experimental apparatus is a huge watch-spring, weighing several pounds. During a formal test Mr. Lewis directed his machine at various angles, and in all instances it flew straight in the direction pointed. Before the introduction of steam as a power in aerial navigation he proposes to construct a boat with pedals, and by the use of his own strength will attempt a journey to Philadelphia, being quite ready to take any moderate wager that he will reach that city within half an hour from the time of starting.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia—"Modern Classics," "Snowed Up," "Frank in the Forecastle," "Jack Hazard," "Camping Out." CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia—"A French View of the Centennial," "The Centennial Frog." T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia—"Corinne," "Madame de Staël," "Edina," Mrs. H. Wood. SHELDON & CO., New York—Whittaker's "Life of General Custer." HARPER BROS.—Yonge's "Life of Marie Antoinette." G. F. PUTNAM'S SONS—Van Lant's "History of French Literature."

FUN.

WILL the Electoral College be represented in the next University Regatta?

"WHAT does 'Good Friday' mean?" asked one schoolboy of another. "You had better go home and read your 'Robinson Crusoe,'" was the withering reply.

THE time is approaching when men will begin to sit down hard upon coal-hole covers, and rise up with a ghastly smile upon their lips, and murder in their hearts towards the lookers-on.

"MOTHER, have I any children?" asked an urchin of eight summers. "Why, no! What put that into your head?" returned the surprised parent. "Because I read to-day about children's children," answered the acute juvenile.

LET Turks delight to howl and fight, for 'tis their nature to; let Bear and Lion growl and bite, for madness made them so. But Yankees, you should never let your angry passions rise; don't quarrel; trade, work hard, lie low, and forward the supplies.

IT is told for a fact that a little flaxen-haired boy of five years, who had passed the afternoon at the Boston Art Museum, looking up in his mother's face, said: "If all the mammas, when they die, turn into mummies, do all the papas turn into puppies!"

ONE of the discoveries made by the last Arctic explorers is that the length of the polar night is one hundred and forty-two days. What a heavenly place that would be in which to tell a man with a bill to call around day after to-morrow and get his money!

ONE of the customers in a barber's shop sees a dog of ungainly aspect sitting opposite, intently watching him. "Why does that dog look at me so?" "Why, sir, occasionally my hand slips, and I am so unfortunate as to snip off a bit of ear." "Eh! and what then?" "Why, then he eats it."

HOPE (to eligible youth): "Trust we shall have the pleasure of seeing you at our ball on Thursday. You will meet a colonel, two J. P.'s, two poets, and a member of Parliament." Guest: "Thanks, so much; but it's impossible. I am invited to the Tudorvilles, where I shall meet a general, six J. P.'s, no poet, and a lord!"

A LADY asked a very silly Scotch nobleman how it happened that the Scotch who came out of their country, were, generally speaking, men of more ability than those who remain at home. "Oh, snadam," said he, "the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass, that, for the honor of the country, no one is permitted to leave who is not a man of understanding." "Then," said she, "I suppose your lordship was smuggled."

CONVERSATION near the marriage license clerk's desk, between a clergyman who had come to make a marriage return and a middle-aged man waiting to see one of the clerks. Clergyman—"Good morning, my friend; where is that pair of boots you promised to make me instead of the fee which you had not the money to pay when I married you?" "Oh, I'll make them the first chance I get; but I'll make two pairs if you'll unmarry me again."

AND now the thoughtless man who, in the wild, reckless frenzy of pain and rage, hurled all the stove-pipe from every room in the house into a dis-jointed mass in the wood-shed last Spring, weeps over the rusty scrap heap and wishes he had blacked them and put them carefully away in a dry place. But what good does it do to repine? He will stand on the back porch and shoot them all out into the wood-shed again next Spring, all the same.

WHEN Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois, he and the judge once got to bantering one another about trading horses, and it was agreed that the next morning at nine o'clock they should make a trade, the horses to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out under a forfeiture of \$25. At the hour appointed the judge came up, leading the sorriest-looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden sawhorse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and the laughter of the crowd, and both were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the judge's animal, set down his sawhorse and exclaimed: "Well, judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

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Landscape Gardening.—Geo. T. N. Cottam, formerly of the Central Park, lays out parks and pleasure grounds, and attends to gardening operations generally. Address by letter, care of Frank Leslie, Esq., 537 Pearl Street, N. Y., to whom advertiser refers by permission.

Messa. John F. Perry & Co., of Boston, Mass., noted publishers of choice and entertaining music, have just published a very charming piece, entitled, "Fierce the Flames were Raging; or, Brooklyn in Mourning." Every lover of music should secure a copy. It is well written, and worthy of a place in each parlor.

Magic Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100. E. & H. T. ANTHONY & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Megalethoscopes, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lantern Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.

A Sensible Present.—No more useful and instructive present to a boy could be made this year than one which will combine entertainment with practical education. Such an article is the "Uncle Sam" printing-press, with which a lad from ten to fifteen can familiarize himself with the whole practical process of printing, and at the same time, often earn for himself a neat little income. See advertisement of W. C. EVANS.

Take off those Striped Stockings! Such is the warning cry we hear frequently in the newspapers, and, reading, we ascertain that the aniline dyes employed in the manufacture of rainbow hosiery frequently contain poison. The sale of brassy and poisonous jewelry has increased enormously of late. The reason is a logical one. A financial panic has been followed by a period of business depression, which has not been improved by the unsettled condition of the political situation. People want jewelry, but cannot afford to pay big prices. To their rescue come the manufacturers of glittering bits of fraud, which please the pocket and dazzle the eyes—which generate dirt, poison and disease, and have no value whatever. Among those clinging to the old-fashioned idea that good jewelry can only be made from good gold is F. J. NASH, 781 Broadway, up-stairs, opposite Stewart's, who, in addition to real bargains in the finest work in all gold and stones, has many articles of solid gold made by machinery, with little cost for the labor, which are afforded at, or nearly at, the price of the poisonous brass trash always retailed at a profit of 400 or 500 per cent.

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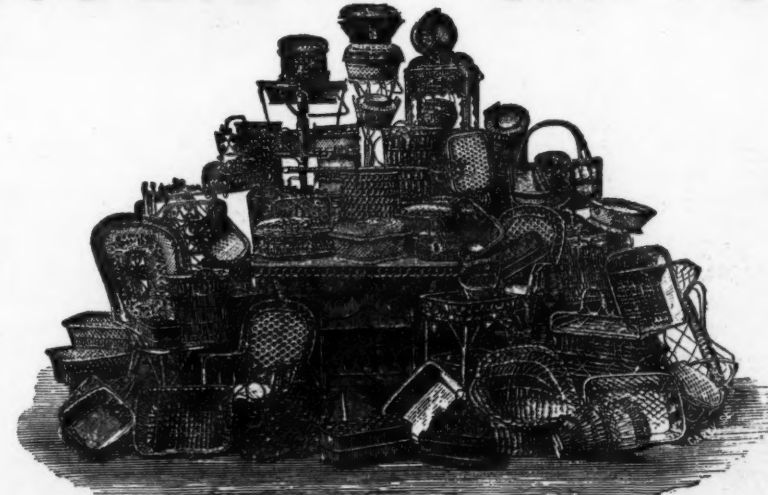
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UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

What the New York Insurance Department Reports

AFTER A THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF THE

United States Life Insurance Co.

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT, ALBANY, November 13th, 1876.

I, WILLIAM SMYTH, Acting Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York, deeming it expedient so to do, do hereby, in pursuance of the power vested in me, by Section 17 of Chapter 463 of the Laws of this State, passed June 24, 1883, appoint Hon. J. A. McCall, Jr., and Seymour M. Ballard, Esq., of the City of Albany, as proper persons to examine into the affairs of the United States Life Insurance Company of New York; and to make a full report to me in writing of the true condition of the affairs of said Company, with a full Statement of its Capital, Securities and Assets, showing the amount and kind of each, and how the same is invested, including the amount of said Company's liabilities, absolute and contingent, with such other information as they shall deem requisite to furnish me a perfect statement of the condition of its affairs and of the manner of conducting its business.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my official seal, at the City of Albany, the day and year first above written.

[L. S.]

WM. SMYTH,
 Acting Superintendent.

To the Hon. Wm. SMYTH,
 Acting Supt. N. Y. Ins. Dept.

ALBANY, Nov. 27th, 1876.

Pursuant to your appointment, No. 360, bearing date Nov. 13th, 1876, the undersigned, your commissioners, respectfully report that since the date of your commission they have been engaged at the office of the United States Life Insurance Company of New York City in making an examination of the condition and affairs of said Company; that at the date of this report we have concluded a most thorough and exhaustive investigation of the securities, books and papers of said institution, the result of which, showing the Company's condition on Nov. 1st, 1876, is given below.

We further report that every facility was given your examiners to make their researches full and complete, and the officers of the Company are deserving of your commendation therefor.

Complete schedules, giving each premium loan and uncollected and deferred premiums serialim, are now on file in this Department; together with a record of every policy in force. Mortgage Lists, giving each Mortgage, with date and page of record, together with detailed lists of all other Assets, are also on file.

I. ASSETS.

Real Estate..... \$61,003 94
 Bonds and Mortgages, first liens..... 2,660,707 19

STOCKS AND BONDS OWNED.

	Par Value.	Market Value.
U. S. Registered Bonds.....	\$137,350	\$158,208 69
N. Y. City Registered Bonds.....	508,000	540,675 00
Brooklyn Registered Bonds.....	213,000	223,780 00
Kings County Coupon Bonds.....	55,000	59,850 00
Buffalo City Coupon Bonds.....	140,000	149,045 83
Erie County Coupon Bonds.....	25,000	25,583 33
Eastchester, N. Y. Coupon Bonds.....	16,000	16,280 00
Richmond County, N. Y. Bonds.....	2,500	2,562 50
Chicago City Bonds.....	50,000	50,500 00
Fourth Norwalk, Ct. Water Loan	100,000	104,000 00
Jersey City Registered Bonds.....	74,000	77,140 00
Dist. of Columbia 5-65 Bonds.....	150,000	105,000 00

Totals..... \$1,470,850 1,515,625 35

Brought forward..... \$4,237,335 48

COLLATERAL LOANS.

	Par Value.	Market Value.	Amount Loaned.
Bonds and Mortgages.....	\$50,000	\$50,000	\$30,000
U. S. Bonds.....	10,000	11,600	10,000
Div. & Savings Bank Stock.....	3,000	3,000	1,500
U. S. Bonds.....	1,000	1,130	900
Rochester City Bonds.....	50,000	50,000	10,000

Totals..... 114,000 115,730 52,400

Cash in Office.....	\$473 02
Cash in Bank, per Certificate.....	103,989 24
Total Cash Items.....	104,462 26
Premium Notes and Loans on Policies in Force.....	172,744 72
Net Uncollected and Deferred Premiums.....	115,400 00
Accrued Interest on Bonds and Mortgages.....	70,735 98
Accrued Interest on Premium Notes and Loans.....	6,234 58

Total admitted Assets..... \$4,759,403 02

Items not admitted as Available Assets.

Agents' balances..... \$18,839 09

Bills Receivable..... 8,695 18

Total..... 27,534 27

Aggregate Total Assets..... \$4,786,937 29

II. LIABILITIES.

Net present value of all the outstanding policies in force on the 31st day of October, 1876, computed by the Insurance Department, according to the American Experience Table of Mortality, with 4 1/2 per cent. interest.....

Unpaid losses, including all reported and supposed claims.....

Premiums paid in advance.....

Accrued Rent.....

Liability for reserve on lapsed policies, where said policies can be restored on application.....

Total Liabilities..... \$3,990,095 32

III. MISCELLANEOUS.

Surplus as regards policy holders on the basis of admitted assets.....

Capital Stock.....

Capital Scrip.....

JOHN A. McCALL, Jr., } Commissioners,
 S. M. BALLARD, }

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT, ALBANY, December 4th, 1876.

I, WILLIAM SMYTH, Acting Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York, do hereby certify that I have compared the annexed copy of Appointment and Report of Commissioners on examination of United States Life Insurance Company of New York with the original on file in this Department, and that the same is a correct transcript therefrom, and of the whole of said original. (Schedules excepted.)

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at the City of Albany, this 4th day of December, 1876.

[L. S.]

WM. SMYTH, Acting Superintendent.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

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